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John Dalton,

an English Quaker, was the first to propound the theory that the atom was the smallest particle of matter imaginable—a theory that was not assailed until more than a century later. Even in Dalton's day, the idea that matter was composed of small indivisible particles was not new. A similar theory had been put forward by the Greek philosopher Democritus two thousand years earlier. Sir Isaac Newton had restated it as the "corpuscular theory" a hundred years before Dalton. Where Dalton excelled them was in formulating these theories in a way that explained known chemical processes, and enabled deductions to be made which could be submitted to the test of practical experiment. In short, he translated them from philosophical abstractions into a method for accurately forecasting and controlling chemical reactions and manufacturing processes.

Dalton, the son of a weaver, was born in 1766. He went to work at the age of 12, but studied in his spare time to such effect that in 1793 the Manchester Academy appointed him tutor in mathematics and natural science. Six years later he set himself up as a private teacher, devoting his leisure to research and the fashioning of his Atomic Theory, which was first published in 1808 in his book "A New System of Chemical Philosophy". Dalton's theory, unaltered in its essentials, is still used to explain the laws of chemical combination. Dalton's work was the basis of the knowledge which enabled British scientists to contribute so much to the startling developments of atomic disintegration.

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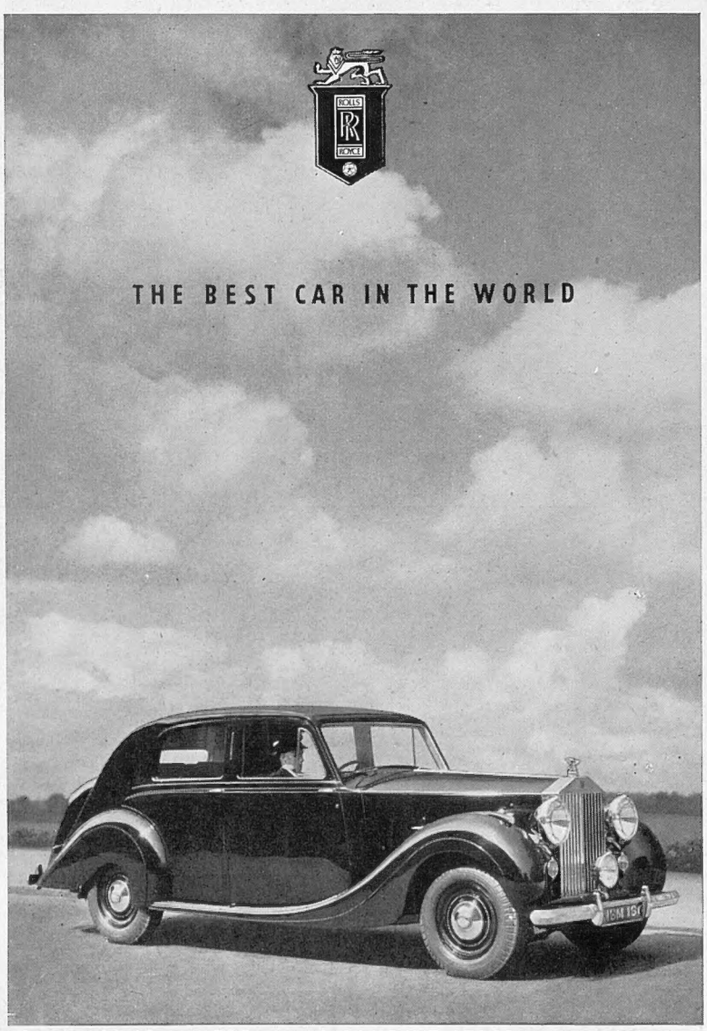

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Volume CXCIV No. 2538 The SPHERE, London, September 25, 1948

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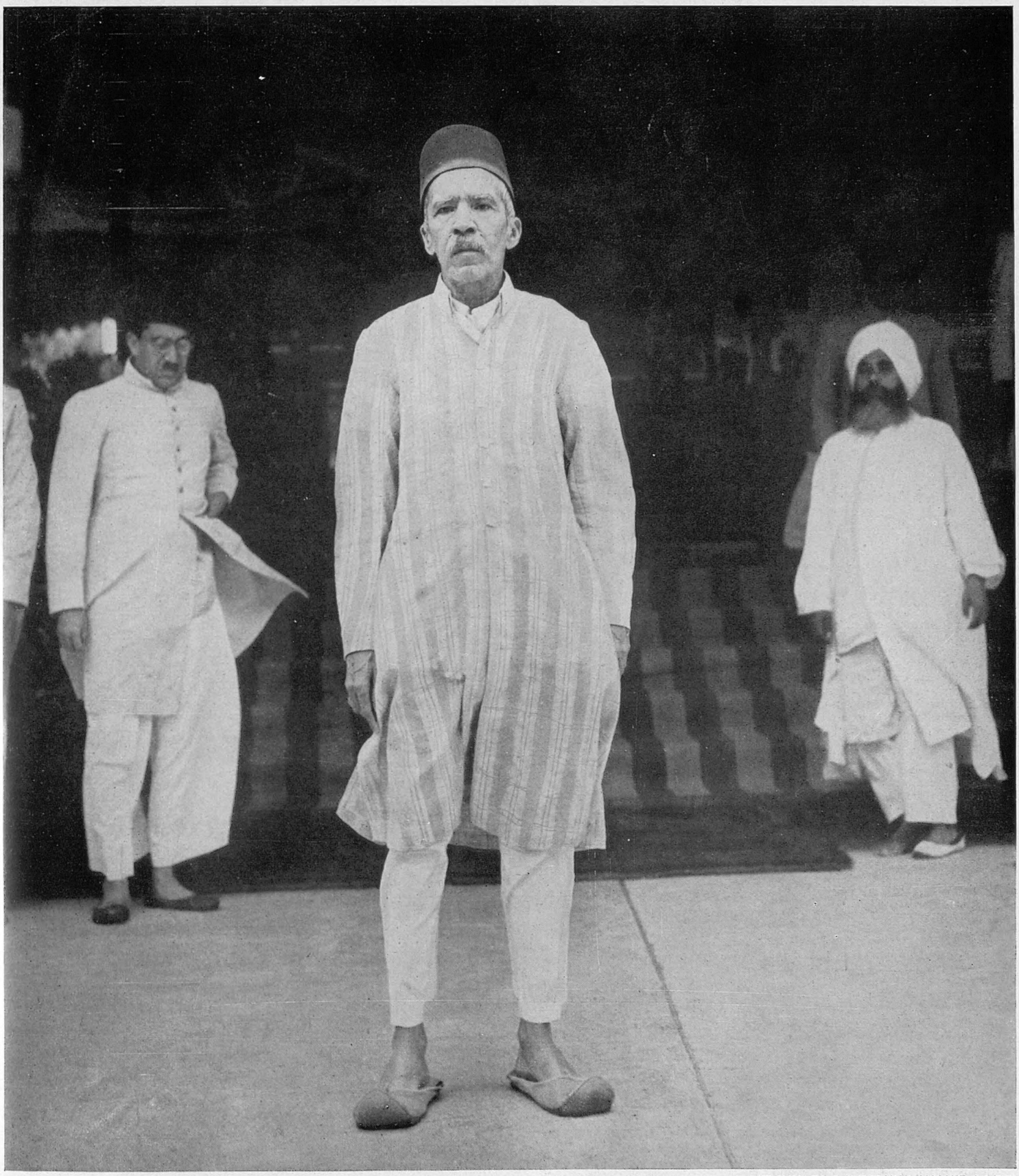

HE WENT TO PRAY FOR PEACE—THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, MUSLIM RULER OF A PREDOMINANTLY HINDU STATE, ON THE WAY TO A HYDERABAD MOSQUE ON THE EVE OF THE INDIAN INVASION OF HIS DOMAINS: Within a few hours of this picture being taken Indian troops were converging on Secunderabad, and by last week-end the State was under Indian military rule. The Nizam, taking the situation into his own hands, announced in a broadcast his readiness to reach agreement

The story of Hyderabad's resistance to the Indian Dominion is really a story of Muslim fanaticism in the face of inevitable Hindu claims, and when Indian troops entered the princely State last week, converging on Hyderabad and Secunderabad, the result was a foregone conclusion. The Nizam, one of the world's wealthiest men, gave the cease-fire order to his troops last week-end, and instructed the representatives of his Ministry in Paris not to press Hyderabad's claims before the United Nations. The Nizam, in taking the political situation into his own hands at the eleventh hour, declared that he was sorry he had not done so earlier, and that he wanted his people to live in "integrated harmony" with the people of India. He wished to open a new chapter of friendliness with India. The five-day invasion of Hyderabad showed that the State forces, in addition to lacking modern arms, also lacked a real fighting spirit. Fighting was never on a large scale, and the total number of Hyderabad troops killed did not exceed 300. (See also page 403)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

An Unspeakable Crime.—

We have in the past fearful decades come inevitably to accept murder and assassination as every-day events, to regard human life as cheap. In Palestine we look back over the years on a series of murders committed, often in cold blood, as futile, as senseless, as brutal, as any in history. It is just possible to excuse a Charlotte Corday, to comprehend the muddled mind of a Felton. Nothing can ever justify assassination, since always it reacts in favour of the victim, so that, even as a means of ending tyranny, it is ineffective. How much more brutish and futile must be the mind of an assassin who turns his weapon on a mediator, a man holding an olive branch, a messenger of peace, one whose life has been devoted to healing the wounds of war and composing the bitternesses and hatred and suspicions of warring races, to murder him even before his mind is made up. Such a crime is not to be categorised; it is unique and unspeakable. Those who inspired it—if it was not the insanity of a single individual or two or three at most—have behind them such a record of brutality and crime as has no parallel in history. Nor has the Jewish authority, from time to time claiming responsibility in Palestine, ever to this day done more than deplore in empty phrases the crimes of its terrorist gangs. The world has marvelled that sympathy has remained alive in any quarter for the once strong claims of Jewry to a national home. If this last outrage fails to translate phrases into action, final and complete, any surviving sympathy for the State of Israel will be written off surely as a historical mystery incapable of explanation.

Still as of Old . . . —

If the tragic history of our generation has taught us one lesson, it surely is that war settles nothing, that the use of force merely stimulates and enlarges the use of force. If Hyderabad had a "case," that case is not settled by the Nizam's surrender to the forces launched by Mr. Nehru, nor can it be satisfied or met by Mr. Nehru's sweet reasonableness and sugared words spoken in the hour of victory. It is a curious and a cynical reflection on human logic to observe how often in the past years those who have most condemned tyranny and force have been the first to employ these weapons to attain an individual aim. War has followed war in our lifetime, plan for outlawing war has followed plan . . . to the scrap-heap. And here and now among what might seem the final ruins of our civilisation, we observe how the latest effort to secure peace by negotiation is spurned and spat on by those whose protests against tyranny and force have been loudest and longest. As in Palestine, among Jew and Arab alike, so in India and in many another quarter of the globe, the United Nations are spurned and scorned. So, indeed, was the League of Nations. But not so generally, so contemptuously, so often.

Civil Defence. —

These are two fearful words. Nine months ago they were reintroduced in a directive or rough scheme addressed to local authorities by the Government. What has been done with the scheme in those months when the possibility of war has increased alarmingly? The dust has gathered on pigeon-holes, and I fancy there were no gentlemen-with-dusters with a clear mission to get to work. For these two words are revolting, unspeakable. Very few experts have the least idea what they imply. We most of us suppose that no one wants war, though I ventured in 1945 to suggest that a dozen young marshals might soon enough be spoiling for more glory and that until war could be outlawed by a workable international organisation for peace, an Amurath would always to Amurath succeed, to menace civilisation by tyranny and the lure of world domination. Half-hearted words, no doubt. But here we are. Wars come though no one "wants" them, and never are the weapons of the last war in use for more than the first manœuvres of the next. Do we, then, improve on or rehabilitate our Andersons? They seem poor defences against germ warfare or atom bombs (which any nation with the will to mass destruction may achieve or has already achieved). We have this to go on by common consent. Our island will be drenched with the new models from the very start—no phoney war or prelude. It will take time to build our cities anew 200 ft. below the rock, atom-proof and germ-proof. My own little shelter is now a tool-shed. I can understand and forgive our local authority for having hesitated during these vital months to direct me to move the spades and forks from it, and restore the 6-in. curtain of concrete which I removed for a door. For indeed at their best and newest, my "civil defences" were not worth much in the late bow-and-arrow war, and I fancy the powers in Whitehall are as puzzled as I am to know what precautions to insist on. I can almost sympathise in their desire not to frighten us, not to "disturb our peace," not to halt the export drive. I am inclined to think that in civil defence a masterly inaction is almost justified. A swift extinction may be preferable to a lingering death, and one or t'other quite certainly awaits all mortals, if World War III should come. In those circumstances, even a highly-trained, mobile force of rescuers, based on the Army or police, will be hoeing an arid row among our rehabilitated Andersons. *Civil defence*, and the memorials to the dead in the last war not yet consecrated.

The Cheek of Ministers.

—Sir Stafford, in a review of six months' output and effort by industry, permitted cheerfulness to break in—a rare event. He recognised that the patient ass goes best with alternate application of whip and carrot, and he, as well as the industries concerned, deserve a pat on the back. There has been honest work done by all concerned. The plunge to bankruptcy has been checked. The gap still looms enormously wide—and grows. A year after the war ended, our trade deficit was £100,000,000 a year. To-day—after three years of peace—it is £280,000,000 a year. Hardly a cause for complacency, least of all for delirious Socialist cheers and catcalls of "See what Socialism can do." For if the gap is no larger than it is, that is largely due to private enterprise working with fettered hands. Still, Sir Stafford's word of cheer is justifiable and natural. Mr. Morrison's *cheek* is not. I have never rated very high the so-called profession of politics. It is not one of the higher professions, for it requires no entrance exams., insists on no qualifications. Just as, a few years ago, a boy could go into the Stock Exchange on half-commission and re-invest his aunts' and cousins' capital by the light of nature (and in a good year earn ten times what his father earned at the same age), so can a politician, quite untrained, try his nostrums on the dog—the public. Mr. Morrison and his party cannot evade their responsibilities with bad-luck stories. In 1945 they obtained a majority in the Commons by good organisation and confident promises, and I, for one, considered in 1945 that they had a better chance of restoring the country's war-ravished economy than had the Conservatives. But if you compare what they promised us in 1945 with things as they are to-day, you must marvel at Morrison's cheek and can appreciate why history always, and the common man to-day, takes a very cynical view of the profession of politics and the immortality of statesmen.

Promise . . . and Performance. —

The Socialists budgeted on the assumption that there could not be another world war for ten years. To-day (three years after this budget) they are about to repeat the history of Mr. Chamberlain after 1938. They have reduced our defences to a net of cobweb and have to undo and make-do all along the line of military security. Bad luck? Perhaps. Who would have thought it of India, Malaya, Burma, Stalin, and so forth. But those who assume power must assume responsibility for the risks, take the rough with the smooth. Then we were promised a higher standard of living for all, shorter hours, better pay. We have the last two, but they have not brought the first. On the contrary, to save what is left of our standard of living, we must halt or cancel the progress of the last two blessings. Nationalisation of industry was to achieve wonders. At the moment, after three years, the bright spot is found in private enterprise. If it is "too soon to judge," it is surely too soon for throwing the cap up, not the moment for cheeky confidence. Only the Labour Party could ensure that our good relations with Russia could be maintained and drawn closer in peace. It hasn't worked that way (bad luck to it, no doubt). We were promised a comprehensive scheme of State security from the cradle to the grave. We have it. If it is a good scheme, whose scheme was it? A Liberal's scheme, fostered by a predominantly Conservative Coalition. If it be too soon to judge of its merits, it is too soon for Socialist self-praise. We find it very expensive, very chaotic and singularly ineffective to date. Are we better off than we were in 1945 or 1946? Not in our trade balance. The figures are damning. Not in our relations with Russia. The deterioration smells to Heaven. Not in our standard of living. Our rations and the cost of bare necessities cry the truth from the minarets. Is peace nearer? Judge by the new contortions to preserve a paper army. What have we to show for three years of Socialist rule? We are a little nearer Single Chamber or Single-Party Government at home. We have parted with about half our Empire. We have parted with the enormous prestige we won in the war in the eyes of half Europe. Bad luck? Inevitable evolution? Perhaps. But simplification is the statesman's trump card and he invites us to estimate our profit and loss in sums of simple arithmetic. Upon what meat (then) has this our Cæsar fed, That he has grown so . . . cheeky? Upon my soul, he must have access to under-the-counter joints, denied to you and me. You and I, when we speak of politicians are prone to make the V-sign. Not Mr. Churchill's brand, but Mr. Bevan's.

THE OLD STAGER

THE CALL FOR TERRITORIALS—THE WAR MINISTER, MR. EMANUEL SHINWELL, ADDRESSING THE CONFERENCE OF CHAIRMEN OF THE 101 TERRITORIAL AND AUXILIARY FORCES ASSOCIATIONS AT MIDDLESEX COUNTY HALL: The meeting, which was attended by Army and Air Force chiefs, was held for final consultations before the launching of the nation-wide Territorial Army recruiting campaign which opens on October 1. The need for a Territorial Army in Britain to-day, as an essential part of the National Defence Forces, is to be driven home, and it is hoped that the recruiting campaign will fill at least some of the gaps in the new air defence units for which 22,000 men and women are needed. Mr. Henderson, Secretary of State for Air, said that women were particularly needed in the voluntary services. Among those seated on the platform in this picture are Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery; Lord Cobham (presiding); Mr. Arthur Henderson; Major-General G. W. E. J. Erskine (Director of the Territorial Army and Cadets); Lord Limerick; Air Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, and Air Marshal Sir Alan Lees

COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE PARLEYS WITH MOSHE SHERTOK, ISRAEL'S FOREIGN MINISTER: This picture was taken at a Tel Aviv hotel when the Count was engaged in securing the second Palestine truce. Mr. Shertok is seated on the mediator's right hand. Count Bernadotte's assassination took place on September 17 in the streets of Jerusalem at five o'clock in the afternoon. The Count was returning with Colonel Serot, a senior United Nations observer, from Government House when his jeep was stopped in the Jewish-held area of Katamon. Another jeep appeared, blocking the route, and the Count and Colonel Serot were ordered to alight. The two men were killed at point-blank range by fire from Sten guns, the assailants presumably being members of the Stern Gang. Count Bernadotte had been fired on an hour earlier, when a bullet, fired from Mount Scopus, hit the wheel of his jeep

THE NATIONS MOURN COUNT BERNADOTTE

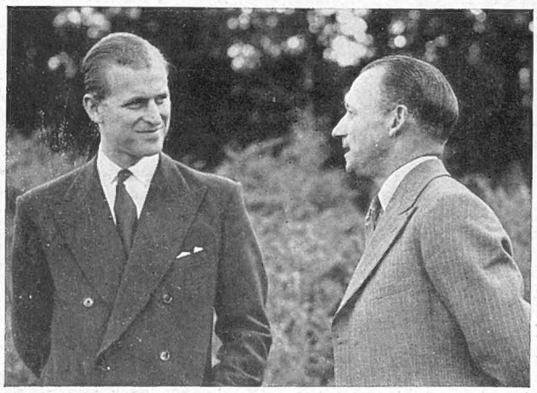
The Murdered Mediator in Palestine

AFTER HEARING THE NEWS OF COUNT BERNADOTTE'S DEATH: Karl Westman (left), the Swedish Ambassador to France, and Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, seen together in Paris. Secretary-General Lie was in Norway when the news of the assassination was announced, and he flew immediately to Paris, where a meeting of the Security Council was called

MEMBERS OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS STAND IN SILENCE: The representatives of the nations pay tribute to the late Count Folke Bernadotte, who had devoted himself so unsparingly to securing peace. In the centre of the horseshoe is Sir Alexander Cadogan, President of the Council

RESTING BETWEEN MISSIONS: Count Folke Bernadotte, nephew of King Gustav of Sweden, with his American-born wife at their home in Stockholm. This picture was taken after the Count had returned from a visit to Athens for the Red Cross and shortly before he left for Palestine

DON BRADMAN WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET : The Australian captain in the grounds of Balmoral during last Sunday afternoon, when the Australian cricketers were the guests of Their Majesties on the conclusion of their tour. Their final match was in Aberdeen, where Bradman scored a sprightly 123 not out in ninety minutes. It was most probably his last innings in Britain



DON BRADMAN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : The Duke flew to Balmoral for the week-end, and helped to escort members of the team round the grounds

BRADMAN AND HIS MEN AT BALMORAL

The Tourists Entertained by the King and Queen

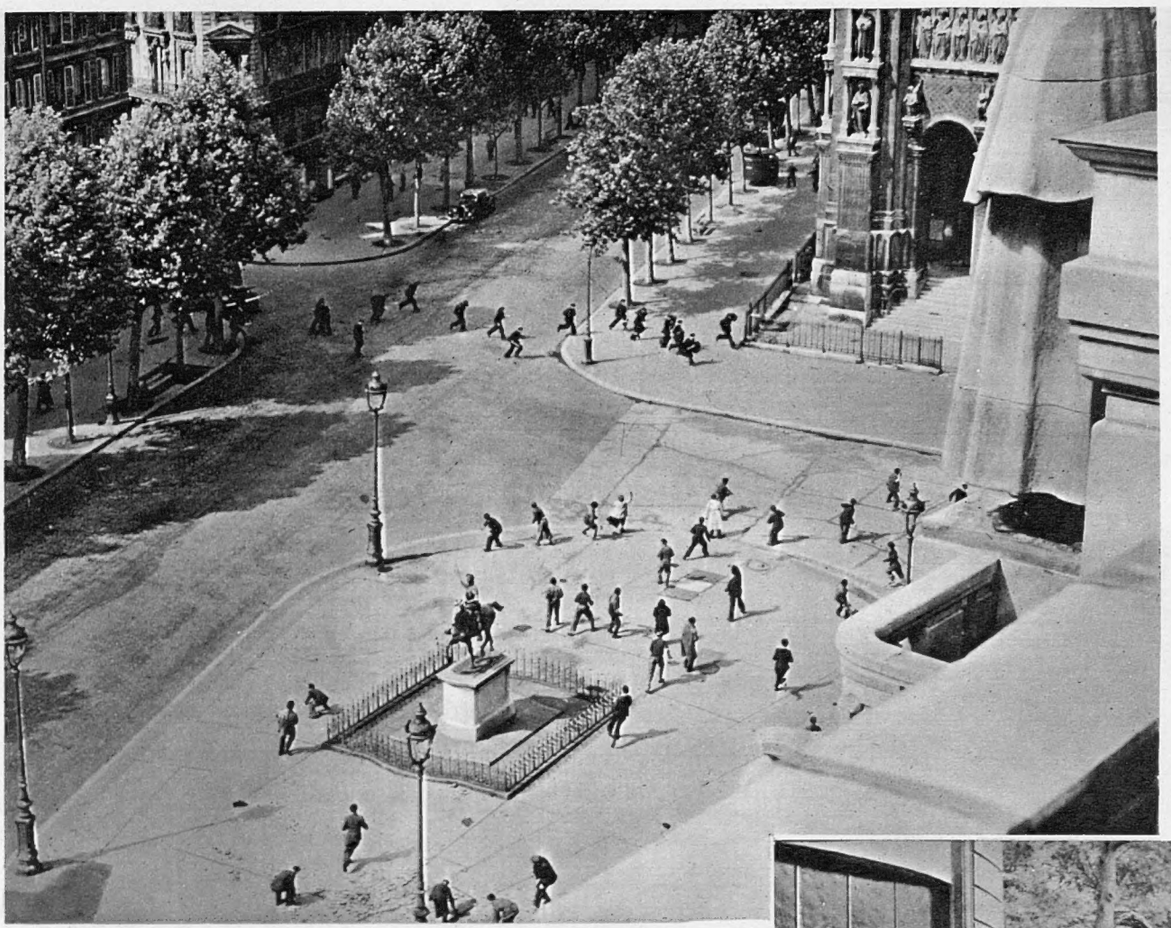
INTRODUCTIONS IN THE GROUNDS OF BALMORAL : The King meeting members of the Australian touring team and the Scottish cricketers who played in the final game at Aberdeen. The visitors strolled in the Castle grounds with their hosts and then had tea with the Royal Family in the ballroom. Before leaving, the Australians autographed a bat for the Royal Household cricket side, and when they left, after an hour-and-a-half, the King and Queen and the Princess waved good-bye from the Castle entrance

STROLLING ACROSS THE LAWNS OF BALMORAL : The King with Don Bradman followed by the Queen and Princess Margaret and members of the Australian and Scottish cricket teams. There were about sixty guests to tea at one of the biggest Sunday afternoon parties held at the Castle for some considerable time

A DAY OF RIOTING IN PARIS

The Workers Goad the Government and Demand Higher Wages

France goes from weakness to weakness in the unhappy realm of political affairs, and while M. Queuille, his Government goaded from the Left and embarrassed from the Right, sought to form a stable administration where M. Marie and M. Schuman had failed, the workers of Paris decided to take matters into their own hands, aided and abetted, of course, by Communist backing on the old familiar pattern. On the day that the price of bread rose from 24 francs a kilo to 35 francs, 2,000 workers marched to the centre of Paris to the offices in the Boulevard Haussmann of S.N.E.C.M.A., the nationalised aircraft-engine firm. They did not reach their objective, but they did a deal of damage, tearing up paving-stones and metal grilles to use as missiles and engaging in a running fight with the police—a fight in which twenty demonstrators and fifteen police were injured.



THE BATTLE IN THE PLACE ST. AUGUSTIN : An overhead view of the running fight between Paris strikers and Paris police as the latter attempted to reach the offices of the S.N.E.C.M.A. aircraft factory, in the Boulevard Haussmann. In the foreground can be seen a pile of stones and pieces of paving-stone which the strikers used

A RUNNING FIGHT IN THE STREETS OF PARIS : Here two members of the police are beating a strategic retreat as the hostile strikers hurl volleys of stones at them in their advance towards the head offices of S.N.E.C.M.A., in the Boulevard Haussmann

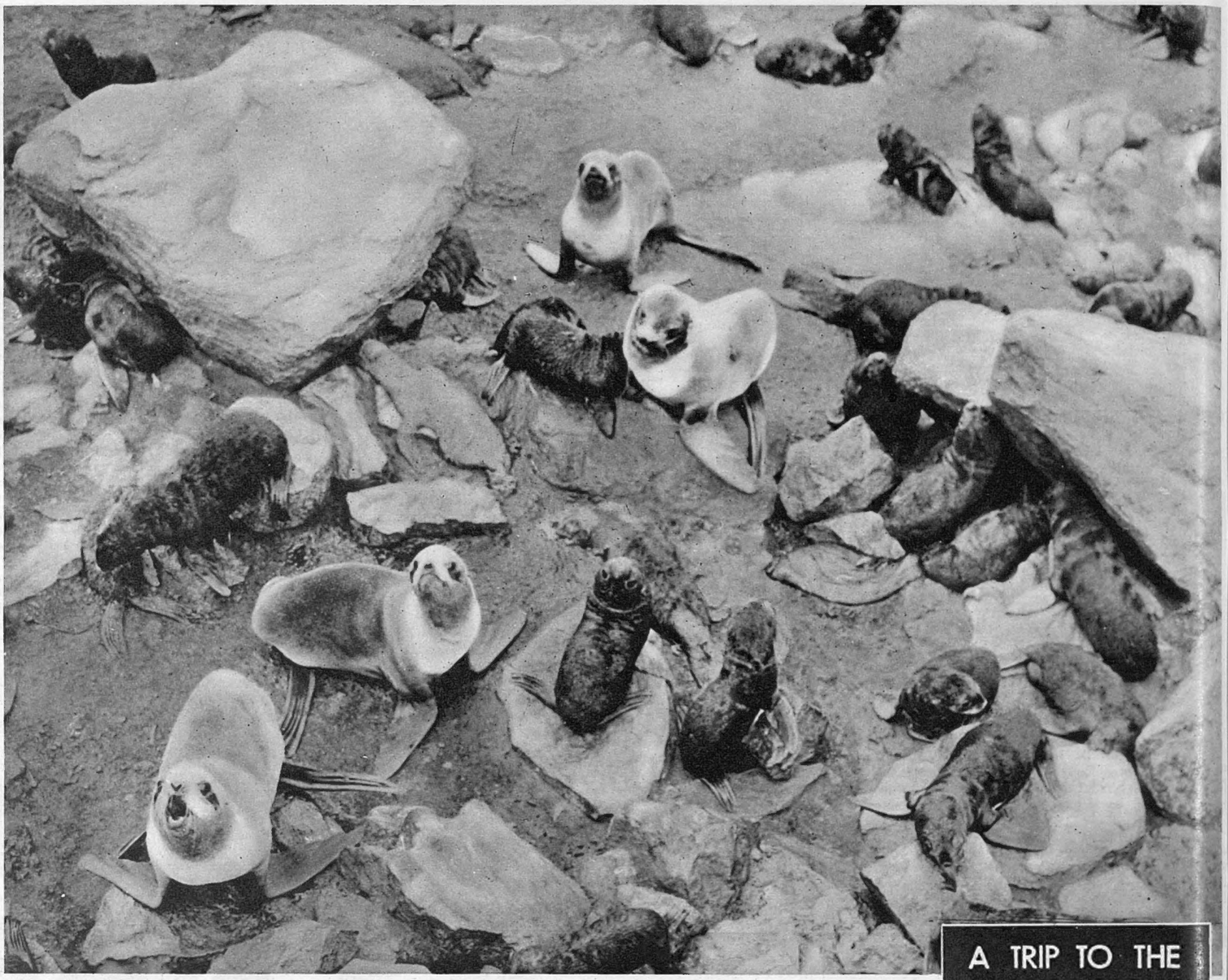
NEARING THEIR OBJECTIVE : A group of strikers waiting for the next move by the police during the advance down the Boulevard Haussmann. Youths between eighteen and twenty-five years of age predominated among the attackers. Many gave the clenched fist salute

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE IN THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN—A STRUGGLE WHICH WAS ONLY RESOLVED WHEN THE POLICE BROUGHT UP REINFORCEMENTS AND 500 OF THEM TURNED TO THE ATTACK AGAINST THE VERY DETERMINED STRIKERS : *Left*—**The opposing forces pause about 50 yards from each other. The strikers in the foreground are looking for more ammunition.** *Right*—**A dash down the Boulevard which momentarily caused the police to retreat**

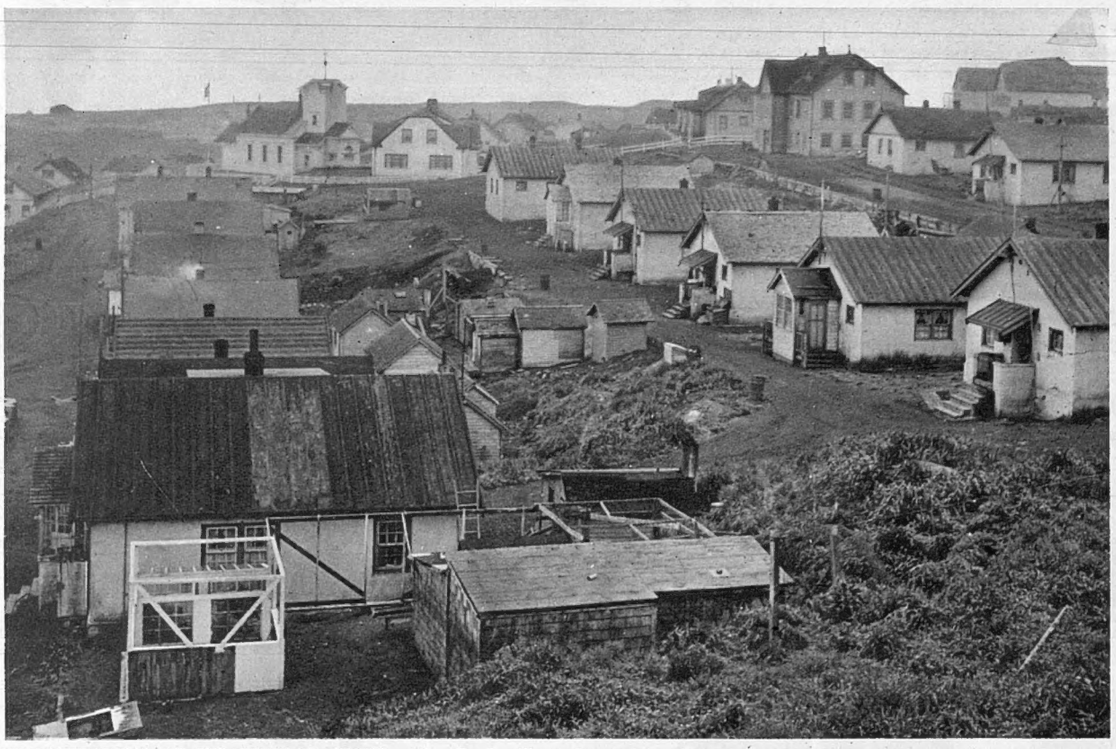
b

A TRIP TO THE PRIBILOFS

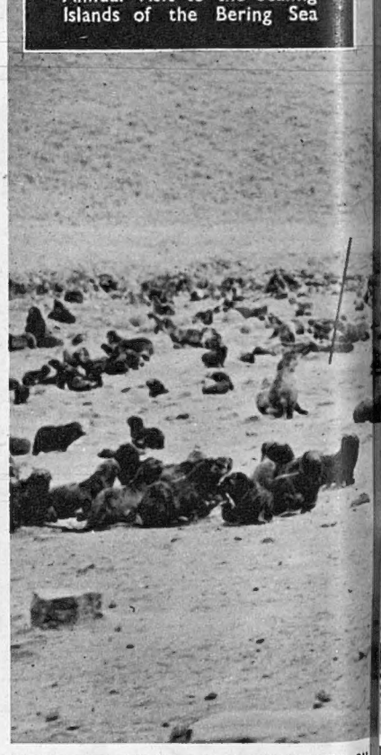
The United States Fleet Auxiliary "Thuban" Pays the Annual Visit to the Sealing Islands of the Bering Sea



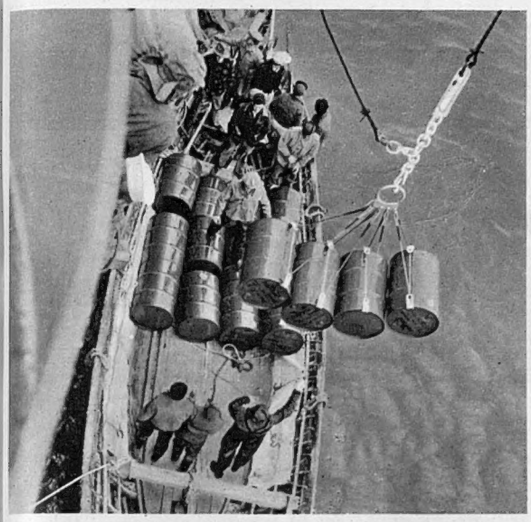
THE SEALS AND THEIR OFFSPRING BASK IN THE PALE NORTHERN SUN: Some of the 5,000,000 seal inhabitants of the Pribilof Group, the islands in the Bering Sea, about 200 miles south-west of Alaska, where they spend the summer months protected from illicit sealing expeditions by the United States Federal Fish and Wild-life Service. This picture was taken from the United States Fleet Auxiliary *Thuban*, which sailed this summer from Seattle, taking supplies to the inhabitants of the Pribilof Group and returning with the skins of 70,000 adult male seals harvested by Aleut natives. This is the maximum kill allowed in a given year, and in consequence the seal population is rising



THE METROPOLIS OF THE PRIBILOF GROUP: St. Paul village has a population of 350 Aleuts and about a dozen white men. It is known as Big Town, and is the home of the by-products plant which produces seal meal, oil and blubber, preparing it for transport to the American mainland. This year the United States Fleet Auxiliary "Thuban" brought to Seattle 4,000,000 dollars worth of seal skin and by-products. Among the supplies taken to the islanders were many thousands of sacks of coal, as there is no wood in the Pribilof Group, all fuel having to be imported

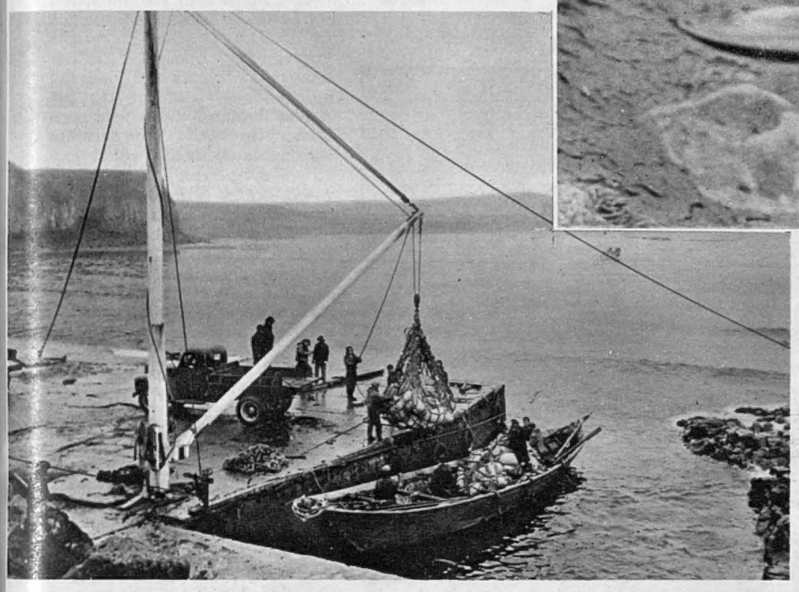


AMONG THE TEEMING SEAL ROOKERIES ON away beyond the Aleutian chain, and to their complete annihilation. In summer draws to an end the seals



GASOLINE FOR THE ISLANDERS : Barrels of fuel oil being put aboard a native craft from the supply ship *Thuban* before being taken ashore. The craft is towed as far as the shoal water by motor-boat, and is rowed the last few hundred yards by Aleuts

THE SEAL PUP POSES : A young inhabitant of St. George Island looks straight ahead at the photographer. His outsize flippers give him a grotesque appearance



A LOAD OF FLOUR ARRIVES ON ST. GEORGE ISLAND IN THE PRIBILOFS : The flour is being slung from the native bidar and is about to be put aboard a lorry which had itself been brought ashore from the naval transport *Thuban*. The bidar is a comparatively frail canvas-covered boat 40-ft. long, and it is the only means of connection between ship and shore. The towering cliffs in the background typify the rugged nature of the coastline in this far northern group of islands

The islands of the Pribilof Group, lying remote in the midst of the Bering Sea in the far north of the Pacific, are visited once every year by a supply vessel of the United States Navy. This year the task of relief fell to the *Thuban*, and the pictures on these pages provide a record of the visit of that vessel to the two inhabited islands of St. George and St. Paul, where 4,200 tons of general cargo was unloaded, including provisions, sacked coal, oil and petrol, clothing of many kinds, and, in fact, all the many and various goods needed by the inhabitants to sustain life during the long northern winter. In return, the *Thuban* took back to Seattle a cargo of seal skins, representing the entire product of a year's work upon the islands. To-day the vast seal colony of the Pribilofs is fully protected, with protection officers at work in the group all the year round, but there were times in the last century when its extermination seemed very near at hand. A dispute between Great Britain and the United States over fishing rights in the Bering Sea arose in 1867 after the purchase of Alaska by the U.S.A. The Pribilof Islands, also assigned to the U.S.A., were the chief breeding-grounds of the seals, and to preserve them Congress passed laws forbidding anyone to kill them on the islands or in the adjacent waters. Canadian sealers disregarded these laws, hence the dispute which resulted in 1886 in three vessels being seized and condemned by an American court. Acts of a like nature followed, and in 1892 it was finally agreed to submit the matter to international arbitration. Great Britain won the day, and the Canadian sealers received £95,000 in compensation, but the seals continued to decrease in numbers. Since then, however, the American regulation of the industry has prevailed

THE BARREN ISLANDS OF THE BERING SEA : Over 5,000,000 seals, it is estimated, spend their summers in the cool, damp and cloudy climate of the North Pacific, hey enjoy a protection in marked contrast to the wholesale slaughter in which the colony was involved in the last century when indiscriminate killing almost led he centre of this picture near the big stone is a large bull seal, lording it over a number of cows and their young, who sit respectfully around. When the egin their great annual migration to the south, but they appear again the following year with unfailing regularity. In charge of their welfare on the islands of the Pribilof Group are representatives of the United States Federal Fish and Wild-life Service

TANGIER, CAPITAL OF CHICANERY

A Mighty Clearing-house and Centre of Shady Deals

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IF any word emanating from the Second World War has palpably earned admission to the standard dictionary, it must surely be the verb "to fiddle": to defeat or circumvent restrictions, controls and prohibitions imposed by national and international authority.

It was only to be expected, therefore, that the disappearance of the Beaufighters and Mosquitos would speedily bring mention of Tangier in one implication or another.

Summer aside, Tangier always was a hot spot. As long ago as the 1680's the unsqueamish Pepys reported: "The viciousness of this place is such that it is time for God Almighty to destroy it." Instead, Britannia moved out, and Tangier moved on to fresh frailties.

In its latest development this "sunshine paradise" a thousand miles from London has become the Capital of "Fiddle" in the western world, an oasis on the fringe of Europe (to all intents and purposes in it) where deals of all kinds can be put through and the necessary currency made available somewhere, somehow.

Feverish finance was pre-ordained by reason of the currency freedom allowed under international Tangier's Statute, but two local factors laid the foundation of a madder whirl than the oldest resident could have anticipated. During five years of occupation-exploitation Franco's Spain contrived to sink normal budgeting by freak taxation and fines; and the accepted monetary unit of the Zone, the French franc, lost all hold. The field was swept clear for a dizzy restart from scratch.

Tangier is to-day the one remaining free money market in the Western Hemisphere. There are no currency controls, so it survives almost alone in the world as a place where dubious business can be done in a manner wide, big, and all but open. Owing to the extremely heterogeneous population it is not possible to determine the precise channels that are used, but the facts obtrude in the intensive breeding that has gone on in the banking world.

The population has shot up to 150,000, from pre-war 100,000, but banks have increased fivefold. The ten or a dozen banks that existed in 1938 continue in orthodox business, and are themselves adequate for the town's 12,000 holders of accounts. Upon them have been grafted nearly forty new "banks," many of them with high-sounding names but whose last wish or intention is to cash a cheque, open an account or change your money. These mushroom banks are interested only in one thing—"fiddling" through the outside world's currency barriers.

It hardly matters what obstructions the Governments of other countries put in the way; Tangier's post-war "banks" will find a way through. They might advertise: "We transfer money from anywhere to anywhere." They are the heart's delight of all who wish to quit their country and take their capital along with them, as they are of Nazis and others with frozen war profits. A good deal of ex-enemy wealth is believed to have travelled from Switzerland to South America *via* Tangier, whose geniuses will take 40 per cent. and higher as the money passes through their hands.

Spaniards who piled up fortunes during years of major black marketing, or just nervous capitalists, are others who smuggle their wealth to Tangier, where they can convert into gold, jewellery (preferably diamonds), land, building, and hard currencies such as the U.S. dollar and the Swiss and Belgian francs. There are plenty of dollars about, thanks to greatly increased American interest in Tangier and the mounting presence of spending sailors of the U.S. Mediterranean Fleet.

There is also plenty of sterling, but of the wrong sort. Stacked in safes there are English pounds by tens of thousands, and by no means all were forged by the Germans during the war. Until recently, at any rate, one could purchase a genuine £10 note for less than £4, and a £50 note for £15 to £20. Such issues have been invalidated—but does that worry the "fiddlers" of Tangier? They know that a plausible tale has a good chance of prevailing with the Bank of England, so they are for ever thinking out new tales for would-be purchasers of the called-in notes.

Alongside Tangier's "fiddling" and stimulated by it, is the Zone's own contraband traffic, distributed in a constant stream. For the most part, the necessities of life, such as flour and sugar, go to Morocco and Algeria, and the luxuries to Spain. Road, rail, plane, steamer and fishing-smack—all are pressed into service.

The Tangier "fiddlers" look far beyond North Africa and Spain. They engage to supply Europe and the Middle East with anything in excessively short supply—such as warplanes. The network exists—agents here and there, and travelling—and Tangier is a major mart and clearing-house. Only last week I heard of a former German E-boat in British waters, which was headed for Tangier. There are those who want to build up a Navy these days, however Lilliputian, and every unit helps.

It is currently Tangier's traffic in weapons, and smuggling of human beings, that worries those seeking to cool things in Europe and out of it. To what extent each of these commodities has been aided on the way to Palestine is fit only for guesswork. Smuggling in and off Tangier port has been reduced to such an art that the declared cargo of a ship flying this or that flag may sometimes be scarcely worth the checking.

All the same, if these are boom times in Tangier, it would be grossly unfair to lay it all at the door of "fiddling." The lone, free money market has vastly increased Tangier's position as an international exchange and re-export centre. A record-breaking amount of goods is being imported from foreign parts, only to be re-exported in all directions. The United States tops the trade list, and then come Spain, Switzerland, Britain, Portugal and France.

Money more or less finds its own level in Tangier, and there are other aspects to be envied. There are no queues, no controls such as we know them, no rationing, no coupons, no purchase tax, no income tax, no licensing hours. The shops are filled with enticing goods. Britain sends whiskies, cars, diamonds and perfumery, the United States and the Argentine foodstuffs of every description, Spain textiles of all kinds, Switzerland watches by the hundred thousand, and artificial silk and embroidery. Gibraltar does its whack with tea and cigarettes—origin unstated.

The cost of living is four or five times as dear as before the war (when it was, however, remarkably good value), and the same story has to be told of Tangier as of many another place these topsy-turvy days: when you are rich you are very, very happy, and when you are poor it is horrid. There is no call to come down on Tangier for that, and in any case the Moorish population is relatively slight, only a few thousands. The worst off are probably the poor Spaniards who must needs go on breeding *quand-même*.

Lovely to look upon and wander in, for those who choose to smoke away its smells, Tangier is now in the climatic bliss of its early autumnal glory, and, above all, it is free. Freedom is in the air. Even the Press is uncensored, while there is complete liberty of speech—unlike the rigid controls which prevail in the neighbouring French and Spanish Zones.

The Moroccan Nationalists make full use of this freedom to voice their claims and discontents. Leaving aside the over-riding claim to independence which is now just a mirage, in view of the enhanced strategical importance of Tangier (besides, Europeans have been in and out of Tangier ever since the Portuguese crossed thither hundreds of years ago), leaving independence out of it, the Arabs demand more representation in the international legislative assembly, equal pay to Europeans for equal work, better administration of poor relief, and the stoppage of immigration from Central Europe.

They also object to the undressing of Arab women by the Customs at the frontier zones, searches which violate Moslem religious principles, and to the location of doubtful places of entertainment in the neighbourhood of mosques.

The local Arabs have caught the fever which blows right the way round from Damascus. Political agitators harangue in terms similar to those used long ago by the Boxers. The rule of the Sultan and the return of Abd-el-Krim are set pieces of oratory.

It would be politic to divert more of the boom times to improving the lot of Tangier's Moroccans. Productive industries might be developed, as the French have done at Casablanca and elsewhere. At present Tangier seems to be limited to two: a sardine factory and a soft drink plant.

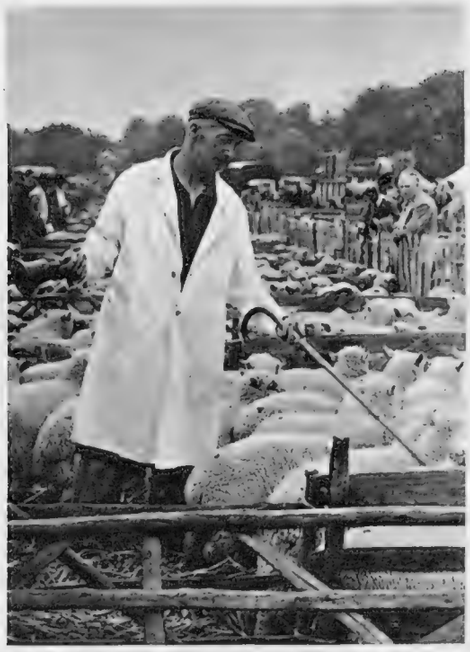
That the Administration functions as well as it does, is something of a marvel. But one should touch wood, because the Russians have not yet made their appearance, as they are entitled to do. The international council which governs Tangier consists of thirty members drawn from eleven different nations and communities. The three seats allotted to the Russians since 1945 are still unoccupied.

According to the list earlier this year, the head of the Administration is a Portuguese admiral. He is assisted by a Belgian colonel as police chief, by a Frenchman running the water supply, and a Spaniard in charge of electricity. A Briton conducts the municipal slaughterhouse. Usually Britons have been prominent on the budgetary side, and may still be. That used to be Tangier's curse—its insolvency year in and year out.

There have been notable alterations in national status as a result of the war. The Germans are out, but not the Italians or the Spaniards. The Italians were readmitted to the Administration this year; the Spaniards never left it. France's position, which used to be dominant, has waned. Belgians and Portuguese are as they were. By far the biggest change has to do with the ascendancy of the United States.

Americans have moved into Tangier in a big way, and it is an anomaly that they haven't yet signed the Statute. They sit in and make the laws and bylaws, but needn't consider themselves bound by them. Meanwhile, the growing practice of Britons and Americans working together obtains also at Tangier.

BREAKDOWN AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY—THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE ON THE FUTURE OF THE ITALIAN COLONIES: The delegates gathered round the round table in the Beauvais Room, where they were speedily involved in a deadlock. On the right in the background is Andrei Vishinsky, the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, who proposed that each of the three Italian colonies should be placed under a direct United Nations trusteeship with an administrator responsible to the Trusteeship Council. In the foreground on the left is M. Schuman, at the time of writing French Foreign Minister, and in the background on the left is Mr. Hector McNeill, Minister of State, and other British delegates. When the Conference broke up in disagreement last week, it was decided to submit the issue of the Italian colonies to the United Nations. Mr. McNeill, addressing a Press conference after the breakdown, gave it as his opinion that the failure of the conference to reach agreement on the limited issue of Italian Somaliland was inevitable from the moment Mr. Vishinsky revived as his own the long-abandoned proposal of Mr. Byrnes. By his "courteous obstruction" he made it impossible to proceed further with the one proposal which in the opinion of the three Western delegates might have resulted in a decision



A KEY MAN AT FINDON FAIR: This is Mr. George Coleman, who has for many years been associated with the annual fair on Nepcote Green, Findon, Sussex. He is not only responsible for erecting the pens and generally making preparations for the sale, but prior to the auction he goes round the ground ringing a handbell to attract the attention of buyers, and he also points out the sheep for the auctioneer

QUALITY AND QUANTITY AT FINDON GREAT FAIR: *Left*—Sir Merrik Burrell's flock of Spanish sheep which caused unusual interest when they were offered for sale at the Fair. Sir Merrik, who lives at Floodgates, Horsham, is a former President of the Royal Agricultural Society and one of our greatest experts on veterinary matters. *Right*—A general view of the pens, which accommodated some 10,000 sheep

FINDON'S FAIR

Ten Thousand Sheep are Sold on Nepcote Green

THE AUCTIONEER GOES FROM PEN TO PEN AS HE DISPOSES OF 10,000 SHEEP AT AUCTION: An animated scene at Findon Great Fair, which was being held for the first time since 1939. It was impossible to hold the Fair during the war, but it is hoped that from now on it will again be a regular annual event

THE HIGHLAND DANCING AT BRAEMAR: A picturesque event at the celebrated Gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society which brought a crowd of 35,000 people to Princess Royal Park. Many of the sporting events and the piping and Highland dancing were little changed from those which Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort saw during their first visit to the Games in 1848

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING CELEBRATES 100 YEARS OF ROYAL **Princess Royal Park, where a record crowd witnessed the acclaimed the Royal Family on their arrival.** To celebrate Victoria first visited the Gathering, the King and Queen were Braemar Royal Highland Society. Among the 35,000 spectators—from overseas who had come over for the Edinburgh Festival and

J. M'LELLAN MAKES A WINNING THROW IN THE HAMMER COMPETITION: This brawny competitor from Alness won the event with the 22-lb. hammer, recording a distance of 94 ft., and then went on to triumph with the 16-lb. hammer, recording 116 ft. M'Lellan's 94-ft. throw was 20 ins. short of his record

JUDGING THE PIPING COMPETITIONS AT BRAEMAR: Pipe-Majors Brown, Nicol and McDonald in the arena at Princess Royal Park. The piping competitions were divided into three parts—the Pibroch, Marches (for competitors under twenty-one) and the Strathspey and Reel. Members of Glasgow Police, as ever, figured very prominently

BRAEMAR and ABOYNE GAMES

A Record Crowd to See the King and Queen at Braemar; New Dress Regulations on the Green o' Charlestown

THE COCK O' THE NORTH AND OTHER DEESIDE LAIRDS AT ABOYNE: The Chief of the Games, the Marquess of Huntly (right), Colonel Lilburn of Coull (left), Mr. Thomas Innes of Learney, and the Marquess of Aberdeen (second from right), Lord Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. When the Marquess of Huntly arrived at the Games he was greeted with the strains of "Cock o' the North"

THE LAIRD OF INVERCAULD: Captain A. Compton was one of those who received the King and Queen at Braemar. This picture was taken when Captain Compton arrived for the Aboyne Games, held in the course of the same week. He is seen with Mrs. Charles Gordon

PATRONAGE : A general view of the scene in usual competitions and feats of strength and the fact that it was exactly 100 years since Queen presented with gifts from the promoters—the 5,000 more than last year—there were many visitors for the autumn shooting season in Scotland

There is no doubt that the Edinburgh Festival is leaving its impress upon the Highlands. This year the great gatherings at Braemar and Aboyne had a truly international flavour, with Danes and Frenchmen, Argentinians and Americans rubbing shoulders with the Highland throng who came from all parts of Deeside and Donside to witness the usual feats of strength and displays of virtuosity. It was natural enough that those overseas visitors who had thronged to the Festival, so international in character, should have taken the opportunity of seeing something of Scottish National life

On right—**A NEW LOOK FOR THE HIGHLAND DANCERS AT ABOYNE : Medals, sporrans, doublets and bonnets were barred this year.** Competitors must now wear only the kilt or pleated tartan skirt, white blouse with or without tartan sash, and long, unbecoming stockings

THE SUN SHONE DOWN ON THE GREEN O' CHARLESTOWN : The gay scene at the Aboyne Games, which took place in brilliant weather. Highland tradition was duly observed when the banners of the lairds and patrons of the Games were raised above the grandstand as they arrived on the field. In the crowd were American, Argentinian, Danish, Dutch, and French visitors to swell the great throng of people from Deeside and Donside. For the first time at Aboyne a Scottish country dancing competition was included in the programme. No records were broken in athletic events. J. M'Lellan, Alness, gained the Chief's Trophy

SPLENDOUR and SQUALOR IN ROME

And Other News In Pictures from Abroad

CATHOLIC YOUTH RALLIES AT ST. PETER'S: Looking across towards the Basilica during the celebration of Midnight Mass from the main portico in the presence of 300,000 members of the Catholic Action Party, who flocked into Rome for a four-day celebration on the Party's eightieth anniversary. The celebrants, bearing torches and banners, made the Square a vast sea of light. Electric-light bulbs picked out the architectural features

AN EVENING CEREMONY AT THE COLOSSEUM: Members of the Catholic Action Party who crowded into the arena for the first of a series of celebrations on the occasion of the eightieth anniversary of the Catholic Action Party. The celebrants, who came from all parts of Italy, many trekking into Rome on foot, were addressed by the Pope, who exhorted them to help their country to preserve its Christian civilisation

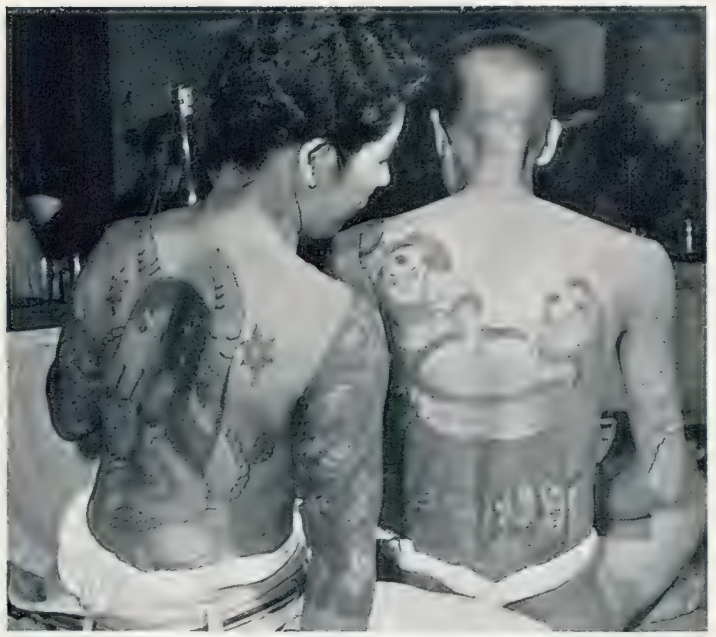
IN THE "MISERY BELT" ON THE HILLSIDE OF MOUNT PARIOLI, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME, LIVE SIX FAMILIES: Their homes are caves which they themselves have hewn from the hillside, and their conditions of existence are just about as primitive as they could be. The families are destitute, some depending on the results of begging expeditions, on the part of their offspring. There is a plan on foot to deal with the appalling conditions in this "misery belt"

LIFE IN ROME'S "MISERY BELT": Two families in their improvised dwelling near the old Roman bridge of Sublicio. At least 10,000 men, women and children are known to be accommodated in Rome in conditions such as these, or worse

Leading architects and engineers of Rome, despairing the civic authorities' failure to shoulder their responsibilities, are playing their part in the building up of a model village, which they are going to call San Francisco and which will accommodate in well-equipped flats at low rentals some of the 10,000 people of the Eternal City at present condemned through poverty and housing shortage to live in utter squalor. Three accompanying pictures show something of the nature of this "misery belt." Work has already begun on the new model village of San Francisco, several square miles of ground having been acquired just off the Rome-Ostia Highway to the west of the capital. Much of the cost of the scheme will be defrayed through public charity, and the Pope through Vatican funds has led the subscription list with £25,000.

ZEFFERININO PIERINI STANDS OUTSIDE HIS HOME-MADE HOME: He is only one of the 10,000 Romans who live in squalor and indignity, and whose plight is at long last arousing the attention of citizens. Pierini's shack is far from waterproof

A CONVENTION OF THE TOKYO TATTOOING CLUB : Members of the club standing beneath a waterfall "to purify themselves" during their annual exhibition of work and convention, which they held recently in a secluded park on the outskirts of Tokyo



A MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY : Members of the Tokyo Tattoo Club at their annual convention. The lady is admiring the elaborate decorations adorning the back of a fellow-member of the club. During the convention a contest was held, in order to decide which member was adorned with the finest specimens of the tattooist's art. A tactful judge refused to come to any decision, praising all the entrants equally. Another feature of the convention was a lecture—on the art of tattooing—and the proceedings terminated with the election of a new President

THE INAUGURATION OF CANADA BRIDGE AT BRUGES : Major-General Foster, who was in command of the victorious Canadian Fourth Armoured Division during the great sweep across Belgium at the close of the war, speaking at the opening of the bridge, which commemorates the liberation of Bruges in 1944. On the left is the Belgian leader, M. Van Acker, and the Burgomaster of Bruges is seen standing on the right of Major-General Foster

A BIG FIRE IN AMSTERDAM'S DOCKLAND : When a fire broke out in two of the biggest and most modern cold-storage warehouses in Amsterdam Docks, it spread rapidly, feeding on the big stores of meat, fat, butter, eggs and fish, which were stored in the warehouses for the winter supply of the Dutch population. The entire Amsterdam fire brigade, with all its driving and floating engines, was called to the scene of the fire. The amount of food and money lost cannot be estimated yet, but it will certainly amount to millions of guilders. Several firemen were choked by the fumes and had to be given first-aid treatment. In the foreground a floating fire engine is seen at work

CUTTING THE TAPE AT CANADA BRIDGE : This was the scene as Mr. Victor Dore, the Canadian Envoy in Belgium, was about to open the new Canada Bridge to commemorate the city's liberation. The balustrading of the bridge was gaily decorated for the occasion, and Canadian, Belgian, and civic flags flew from masts. Two bronze buffaloes adorn the bridge approaches

FLEEING FROM THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT HIBOKHIBOK : *Left*—Inhabitants of Camiguin Island in the Mindanao Sea, Philippine Islands, trekking down to the beach with their few belongings before embarking on the freighter "Eugene Lykes" (*right*), which took 3,000 of them to safety as the molten blanket of lava poured down on to their homes and over their crops. Hibokhibok was erupting for the first time since 1871 Meanwhile, in Manila a typhoon roared out of the Pacific, and the city was lashed with torrential rains, paralysing daily life and restricting traffic in half the capital to bamboo rafts On hearing the news President Quirino hastily summoned the Philippine Cabinet, and diverted 2,000,000 dollars, earmarked for a special scheme of social welfare, to meet the needs of the stricken people of Manila and the refugees coming in from Camiguin

A COMMUNIST RALLY WHICH AROUSED LITTLE ENTHUSIASM: The scene near the Brandenburger Tor as visitors to the Soviet-staged rally returned to the British Zone. The rally was a reply to the great anti-Communist demonstration of the previous week, which culminated in the Soviet flag being torn down

THE RALLY THAT FAILED

Scenes in Berlin During the Soviet-Inspired Demonstration for the Victims of Fascism

The Soviet authorities would not permit the great, spontaneous anti-Communist demonstration in Berlin's Platz der Republik to go unchallenged. After suggesting that it was inspired by Fascist elements in the Western Zones, they got to work to organise a counter-demonstration. This took the form of a memorial rally for the victims of Fascism, arranged by a Soviet-supported organisation—the Association of the Victims of Nazi Persecution. Everything possible was done to make the rally a success and to ensure that even greater numbers attended than had massed on the previous Thursday. Extra rations were brought in to provide soup-kitchens, hot-dog stands and supplies of strong beer, and the Russians supplied trucks and trains to bring Berliners and people from the Soviet Zone to the Lustgarten. Here, the word "Fascist" was being bandied not only as the reason for the assembly, but, also, by the cynical Berliner, to describe the regimentation and display of the rally, which, indeed, was reminiscent of the Nazi's

AMERICAN CAVALRY IN BERLIN: These men of a United States Cavalry Regiment awaited the turn of events outside the Allied Control Authority building in the Potsdammer Strasse. Armoured cars were also in readiness near-by. The rally in the Lustgarten was officially a memorial demonstration for the victims of Fascism, staged by the Soviet-supported Association of the Victims of Nazi Persecution

A RUSSIAN-SUPPLIED TRUCK TAKES BERLINERS TO THE LUSTGARTEN: Transport and extra rations were made available for those attending the rally, but even these popular inducements were unsuccessful

A NEW SOVIET FLAG FLIES ABOVE THE BRANDENBURGER TOR: Great indignation has been aroused throughout Germany by the sentences of twenty-five years' imprisonment in labour camps, passed by a Russian Military Court on five Germans charged with attacking German police and Soviet troops and tearing down the Red Flag from the Brandenburger Tor

RUSSIAN OFFICERS MARCHING TO THE LUSTGARTEN: Beside a large Soviet flag, these two high-ranking members of the Russian delegation attended the rally in the Lustgarten. On the left is Lieut.-General Godejew, head of the Russian delegation, and on the right, Major-General Sokolav. The rally, although officially a memorial to the victims of Fascism, was used for Soviet propaganda, and Lieut.-General Godejew made a speech in which he said that Hitlerism had not been defeated that new enemies of freedom take control in the liberated countries

AMERICAN PRECAUTIONS DURING THE RALLY: United States armoured cars, carrying machine-guns and cannons, at the ready outside the Four-Power Allied Control Authority building in the Potsdammer Strasse, were stationed in the forecourt in case Communist demonstrators caused trouble there, as it had been rumoured they might. Fortunately, no incidents occurred and, as a reply to the demonstrations in the Platz der Republik, the rally was a failure. The occasion was used, as seemed inevitable, for Russian propaganda and implacable resistance to the democracies of the Western Powers was declared

THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN AREA PHOTOGRAPHED ON ONE NEGATIVE FROM A HEIGHT OF EIGHT MILES AT THE END OF A COAST-TO-COAST PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE BY THE XR-12, A NEW FOUR-ENGINED EXPERIMENTAL PLANE OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE: In the centre of the picture in the background is the island of Manhattan, with Jersey City and Hoboken on the left. In the foreground, on the left, is Newark Bay, with the wharves of the Bayonne shipbreaking yards stretching out into the Upper Bay. Away on the right is Long Island, at this end largely occupied by the Borough of Brooklyn. Separating Brooklyn from Manhattan is the East River, and separating Manhattan from Jersey City is the Hudson River. At the extreme tip of Manhattan is Governor's Island, and near it is Liberty Island, on which stands the Statue of Liberty

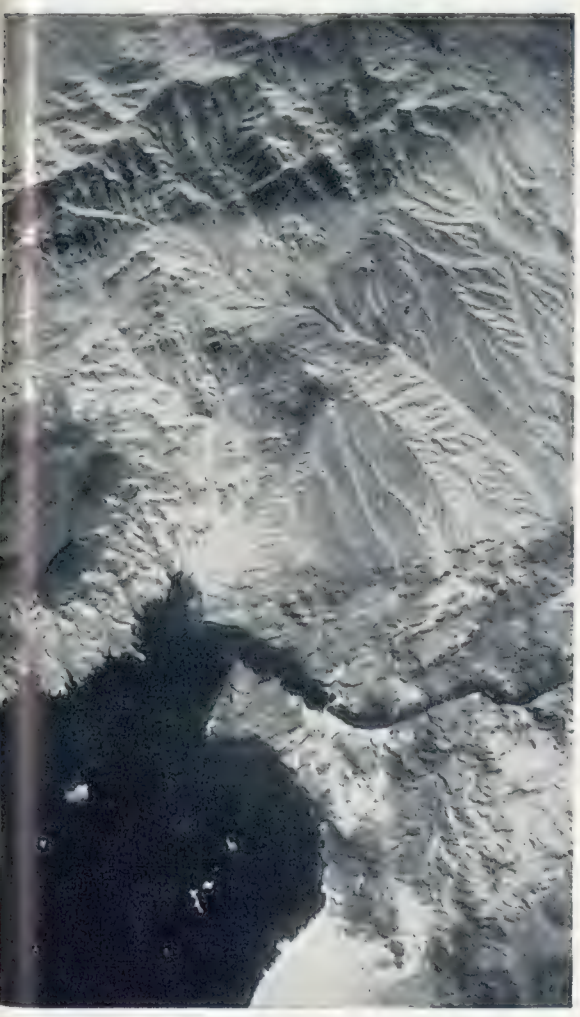
ON A BEND OF THE MISSOURI: An aerial view of Kansas City, showing the industrial sections, which appear to be surprisingly free from smoke. At the very top of the photograph can just be seen a section of the runways of the Kansas City Municipal Airport, which is situated near a bend of the Missouri River

EIGHT MILES ABOVE THE UNITED STATES

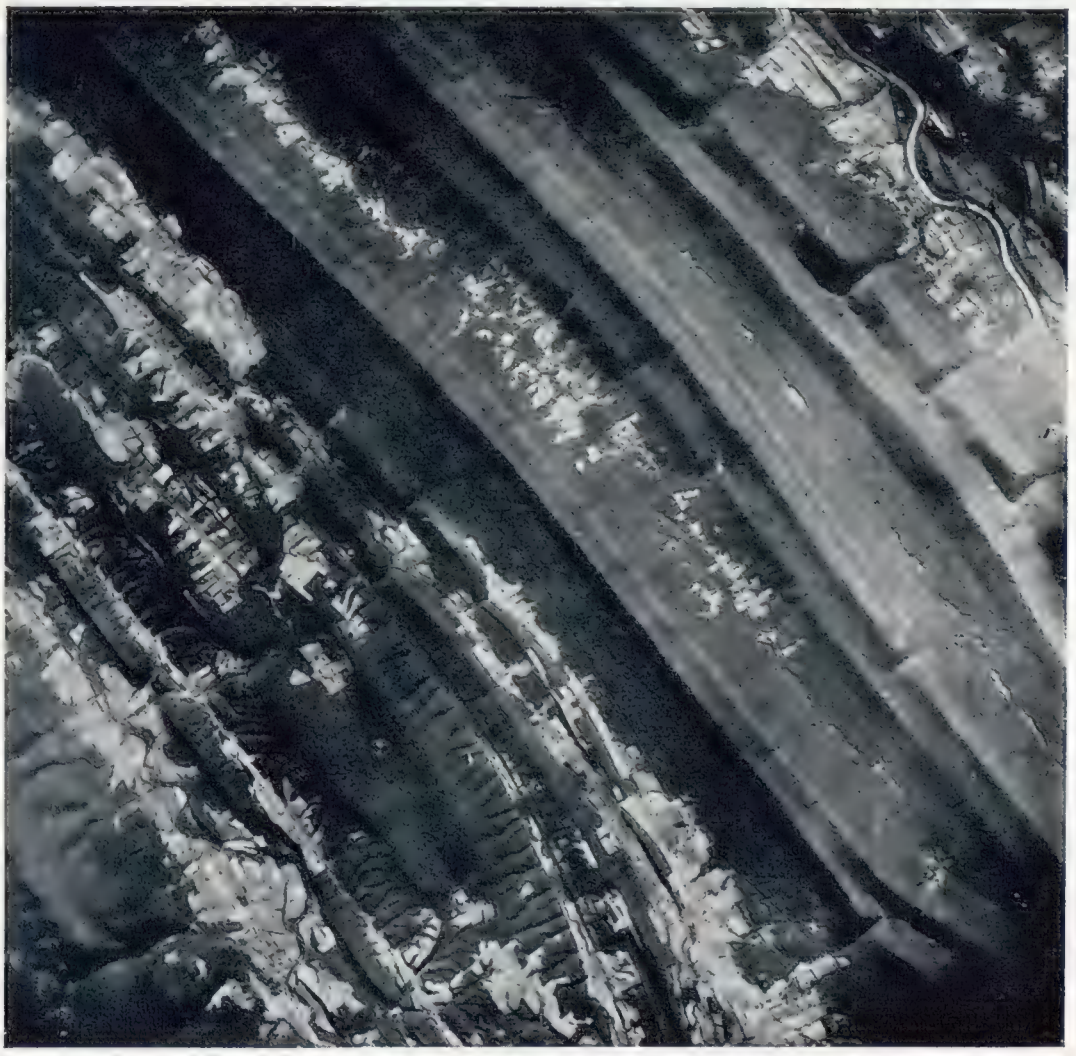
The Record of a Coast-to-Coast Reconnaissance

The pictures on these pages are the record of a very remarkable survey flight which cut a swathe 40 miles wide from Santa Barbara, California, to New York Harbour. The flight was made at an average speed of 375 m.p.h. by a new four-motored reconnaissance plane built for experimental purposes by the Republic Aviation Corporation and equipped with the latest tri-metrogen cameras. The result of the flight is a remarkable panoramic view of the United States, an almost continuous ocean-to-ocean photo-strip. The plane was handled by United States Air Force pilots of Air Material Command, and in the seven-hour trip, during which 390 individual pictures were taken, such places were visited as Las Vegas, Boulder Dam, Grand Canyon, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Dayton and Pittsburgh. Some 130 square miles of New York Harbour were recorded before the machine finally touched down at Mitchell Field. It is possible that the XR-12, the present number assigned to this Republic reconnaissance machine, may become standard equipment in the United States Air Force. It would appear to have all the characteristics required in a machine for large-scale mapping operations under combat conditions

THE COLORADO RIVER APPEARS AS A THREAD WINDING ITS WAY THROUGH THE DEEP GORGES OF THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO, SHOWPLACE OF AMERICA'S SOUTH-WEST : The Grand Canyon, most spectacular of the natural wonders of the United States and most visited of all tourist centres, has within its great cleft peaks which tower a mile in height. This photograph was one of the 390 made from the four-engined reconnaissance plane during its 2,900 miles survey flight



DWARFED INTO INSIGNIFICANCE : The giant Hoover Dam at Lake Mead, viewed from a height of eight miles. Here it appears as a slender connecting link between the rough terrain of the Black Mountain Range near Mount Wilson. The picture gives an idea of the considerable area of lake formed by the waters of the Colorado River and held in check by the dam



THE RIDGES OF THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS, THE VAST NATURAL BARRIER WHICH FOR SO LONG HELD IN CHECK THE WESTWARD MIGRATION OF THE EARLY AMERICAN PIONEERS : This aerial view shows the uniform nature of the Allegheny ridges. The Alleghenys, a west division of the Appalachian Mountains, form the watershed of rivers flowing both to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. Their mean elevation is about 2,500 ft., and they remain America's greatest coal-bearing area

PAKISTAN MOURNS MAHOMED ALI JINNAH

Founder of the New Muslim Nation

Wailing crowds broke through three civil and military cordons at the funeral of Mahomed Ali Jinnah in Karachi, where he died from heart failure only just over a year after he became the leader of the new State which he did so much to bring into being. But for his exertions, backed by the overwhelming weight of Muslim opinion, it is doubtful if the new State would ever have emerged, and now he leaves it at an intensely critical moment when the war in Kashmir is not resolved. Mr. Jinnah's successor is Khwaja Nazimuddin, the present Premier of East Bengal. The new Governor-General was educated at Dunstable Grammar School and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. His appointment will be a factor in attaching the East Bengal portion of Pakistan more intimately to the larger north-western portion, which is separated by 1,000 miles of Indian territory

THE FUNERAL OF MAHOMED ALI JINNAH, CHIEF ARCHITECT OF THE MUSLIM STATE OF PAKISTAN AND ITS FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL : The funeral *cortège* passing through the streets of Karachi, capital of the Dominion, on the way from the Governor-General's residence to the burial-ground. Vast crowds of mourners lined the processional route as the body of the Quaid-I-Azam passed on its last journey

AT THE GRAVE OF THE QUAID-I-AZAM : Yusuf Abdullah Harroon (on right wearing black hat) and Maylana Shabbir Ahmed Usmani (the bearded figure in the centre), who performed the burial ceremony on the day following Mr. Jinnah's death from heart failure. Mr. Jinnah was born in Bombay in 1876, the son of a prosperous Karachi merchant

MOURNING THE LOST LEADER : Sir Mohammad Zafarullah Khan, Foreign Minister of Pakistan, seated beside the grave of Mr. Jinnah during the funeral ceremony on the outskirts of Karachi

THE PREMIER OF PAKISTAN AT THE FUNERAL OF HIS CHIEF : Liaqat Ali Khan seated near the grave during the funeral ceremony. Beneath the flag in the background stand the diplomatic representatives of Egypt, Iraq and Turkey, three States deeply sympathetic towards the new Dominion and Muslim State which Mr. Jinnah brought into being in North India, largely through his own personal efforts and determination. When this picture was taken, officiating priests were reading passages of the Koran

WEEPING WOMEN AMONG THE PRINCIPAL MOURNERS : On the left is Mrs. Wadia, only daughter of the late Mr. Jinnah, and standing second from right is Miss Fatima Jinnah, sister of the late Governor-General and for many years his chatelaine. Between Mrs. Wadia and Miss Jinnah is Lady Sir Ghulam Hidayatullah, wife of the Governor of Sind Province

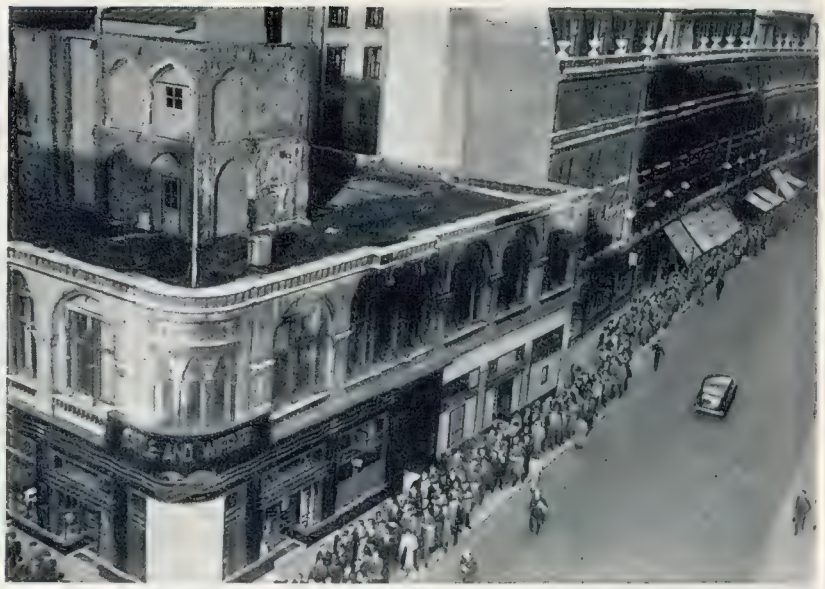
THE LEADER OF THE RAZAKARS (MILITANT MUSLIMS): Syed Kazim Razvi (the bearded figure seated on left) hearing news from a villager during his attempt to gain control in an isolated area of the State of Hyderabad. It is these activities of the Muslim Razakars in a predominantly Hindu State which aroused the opposition of the Indian Dominion, and the refusal of Hyderabad to ban the Razakar organisation was a direct cause of the invasion. Since the capitulation of Hyderabad Razvi has been arrested

HYDERABAD BENEATH THE INDIAN FLAG

A Fateful Week in the Princely State

When the British left India it was with the hope that the Princely States would accede either to the Indian Dominion or to the Dominion of Pakistan. Sardar Patel, the Indian Minister responsible for the States, secured the adherence of the Princes by his tactful approach, but in Hyderabad he failed, the Nizam hoping to see himself the ruler of a sovereign State. After a year of fruitless parleying, during which a Muslim irregular army was fostered in Hyderabad with a view to crushing the Hindu majority, the Indian Dominion took action, and last week saw the invasion and capitulation of the last but one of the Princely States. The unequal contest was concluded speedily with Hyderabad coming temporarily under military rule. The Nizam, a free agent, was allowed to remain

On left—**MEMBERS OF THE HYDERABAD PLANNING STAFF WHICH FAILED TO STEM THE INDIAN INVASION: Brigadier Ahmad Ashraf, Lieut.-Colonel Yousaf Ali Beg, Captain Kamaluddin, Lieut. Bader Bin Abdul, Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Weston, Brigadier Mohd Hasani Khan**



The Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON and the PROVINCES

IN SEARCH OF THE HIGHER LEARNING : Men and women queueing in Moorgate to enrol at the City of London College for the coming winter session of evening classes. Since the close of the war, when so many people have just a little more free time at their disposal than in the days when they had Civil Defence duties after their normal day's work, the popularity of these evening classes has increased enormously. These pictures were taken during a lunch hour in mid week

THEY WERE OFF TO MOSCOW IN THE MORNING : Forty-three-year-old chimney-sweep Arthur Cuttriss and thirty-two-year-old Lewis Rothwell are two men with a mission. They hope to take their car to Russia, and to make contact with Generalissimo Stalin, interceding with him for the peace of the world. The first stage was via London, where Cuttriss and Rothwell hoped to get visas

PREPARING FOR A NEW THAMES RESIDENT : The work of erecting two tall mooring dolphins in the Thames opposite Temple Stairs is now almost complete. When a floating pontoon goes into position between them soon, all will be ready for the arrival of the wartime convoy vessel "Wellington," future headquarters of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. It is hoped she will tie up between "Discovery" and "Chrysanthemum" during October. The "Wellington" is now in the final stage of conversion at Chatham

SEARCHING FOR SECRETS OF ANCIENT BRISTOL : Men at work on the site of the Norman Castle keep, which was in part revealed during the blitz and is now the object of intensive excavations carried out through the Ancient Bristol Exploration Fund. The archæologists are of the opinion that they have found part of the earlier Bristol Castle built by Geoffrey of Coutance shortly after 1066. These foundations underlie those of the Castle Keep built by Robert of Gloucester in the twelfth century Bristolians can watch the progress of the excavations from Castle Green and a notice-board explains the lay-out and asks for funds to continue the good work. A well which served the keep has been cleaned out, and a pit about 12 ft. deep reveals the earliest masonry

BRISTOLIANS HAVE LONG GRUMBLED AT THE HIDEOUS ASPECT OF THEIR CITY CENTRE : Once this was the tramway centre upon which nearly all street car services converged. During the war a car park was built there, and below was a series of air-raid shelters. Bristolians now wish to see the completion of the town-planning scheme originally envisaged with the erection of a memorial to the late King George V, the laying-out of gardens and the setting-up of a beacon tower. This winter it has been arranged that the cars shall be parked elsewhere, and that flower-beds shall be planted. It has also been suggested that the statue of Neptune be brought from Victoria Street and that it shall form for the time being the central adornment of the square

MISS BETTY HUTTON TRIUMPHS AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM : The Hollywood star giving the last of her encores after the playing of the National Anthem. The audience simply would not be denied, and those in the stalls crowded forward towards the stage as Miss Hutton duly obliged for the last time. One critic described her as "a big, strong, lively and good-natured girl always ready to please and refusing to spare herself, even when it comes to lifting the orchestra conductor jovially off his feet"

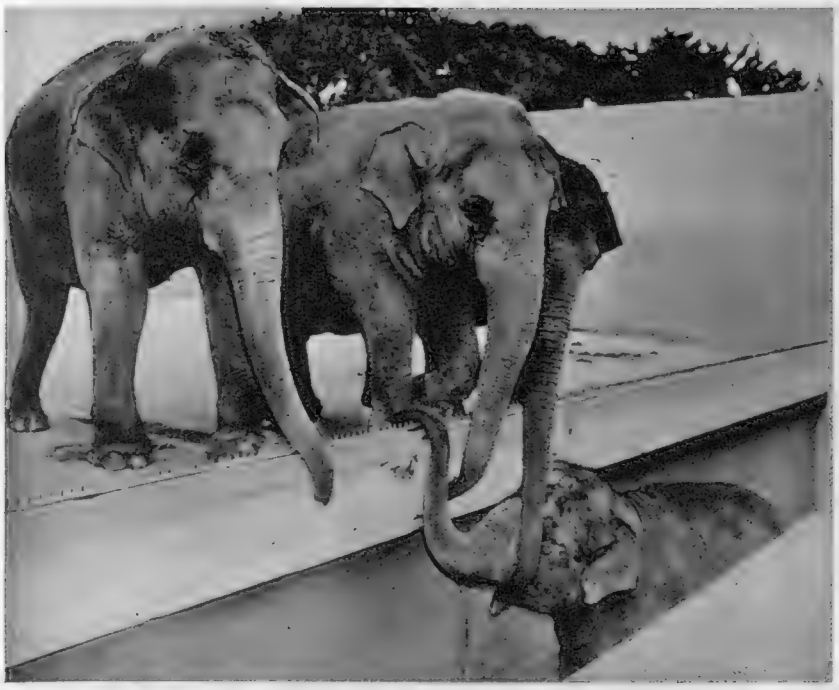
HIGH SCHOOL FOR ALPINISTS : Pupils watching a demonstration of abseiling, a safe means of descent using a doubled rope if iced or dangerous rock should be encountered. This demonstration among the fells of the Lake District was organised by the British Mountaineering Council through the Central Council for Physical Recreation, and the idea is to provide a complete course in climbing technique for those interested in mountaineering

A "BATTLE OF BRITAIN" PLAQUE FOR THE "EAGLE" SQUADRON : Major Donald H. Frank, United States Air Force (307 Bomber Group, Tampa, Florida), receives a commemorative plaque from Councillor Ernest W. Turner, J.P., Mayor of Croydon, Surrey, during the town's "Battle of Britain" Week. The plaque marks the contribution of the American "Eagle" Squadron during the battles in Britain's skies. On the left of the picture, applauding, is Wing Commander Donald Smythe, Commanding Officer of nearby Biggin Hill R.A.F. Station, which played a valiant part as a fighter base

THE FIRST AMERICAN BASE IN POST-WAR BRITAIN—UNITED STATES AIRMEN PREPARING A LANCASHIRE AIRFIELD : 2,500 American airmen have arrived in this country to occupy bases for the use of U.S. aeroplanes now engaged in the Berlin air-lift. A start was made at Burtonwood Airfield, Warrington, which has now become the first British base to be completely manned by American forces since the end of the war. The 47-miles breadth of the camp makes it the largest in Europe

THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE COLCHESTER OYSTER SEASON : In accordance with local custom, the Mayor of Colchester, Essex, accompanied by the Corporation, opened the oyster season by sailing in the smack "Native" over municipally-owned fishery grounds of the River Colne. Helped by members of the Council, the Mayor, Councillor L. E. Dansie, hauled in the first catch. The ceremonies of drinking the King's health in gin, seen in this picture, and the distribution of gingerbread were observed. The ancient proclamation of 1189 ceding the fishing rights to the Corporation was also read

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN "STOCKPILE" DEAL : Mr. R. D. Fennelly, Under-Secretary, Raw Materials Division, Board of Trade, signing an agreement between Great Britain and the United States under which Britain will transfer to the U.S. over 20,000 tons of rubber from her stock of about 80,000 tons. This is the first major step towards the United States' objective of building up its reserve of strategic materials within the framework of E.R.P. The deal will not bring Britain any dollars, being linked with Marshall aid



THE EXPLOITS OF BABY MAY : *Left*—Baby May, a twenty-one-year-old youngster at Fleishacker Zoo, San Francisco, seen after she had tumbled into the moat surrounding the elephant pen. She got plenty of sympathy from some of the older elephants, but really very little practical help. *Right*—While great crowds of visitors looked on, Zoo officials attempted to lead Baby May up a specially-constructed ramp, but, by now thoroughly publicity-conscious, Baby May refused to go where she was directed. It took over a day to get her out of the pit

"BABY MAY" AND OTHERS

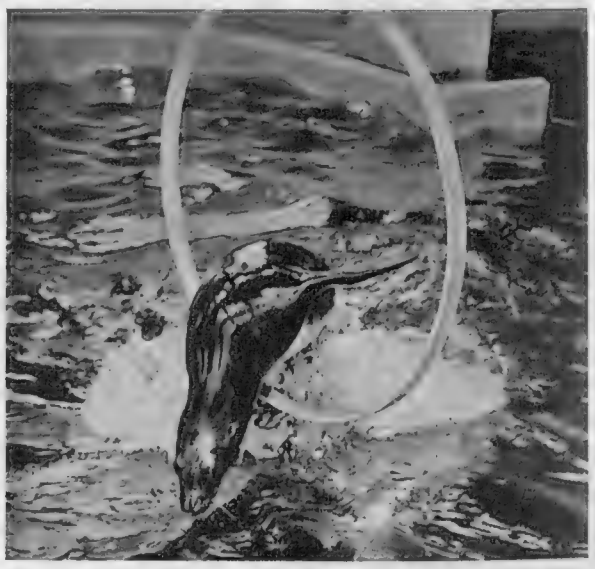
An Episode from San Francisco Zoo

PROBING THE SECRETS OF TELEVISION : Kie, the Malayan Bear, pokes an inquisitive small nose into the mysteries of a B.B.C. camera before the start of a recent television broadcast from the London Zoo. Kie is a great favourite with young visitors to the Zoo, and has some engaging ways

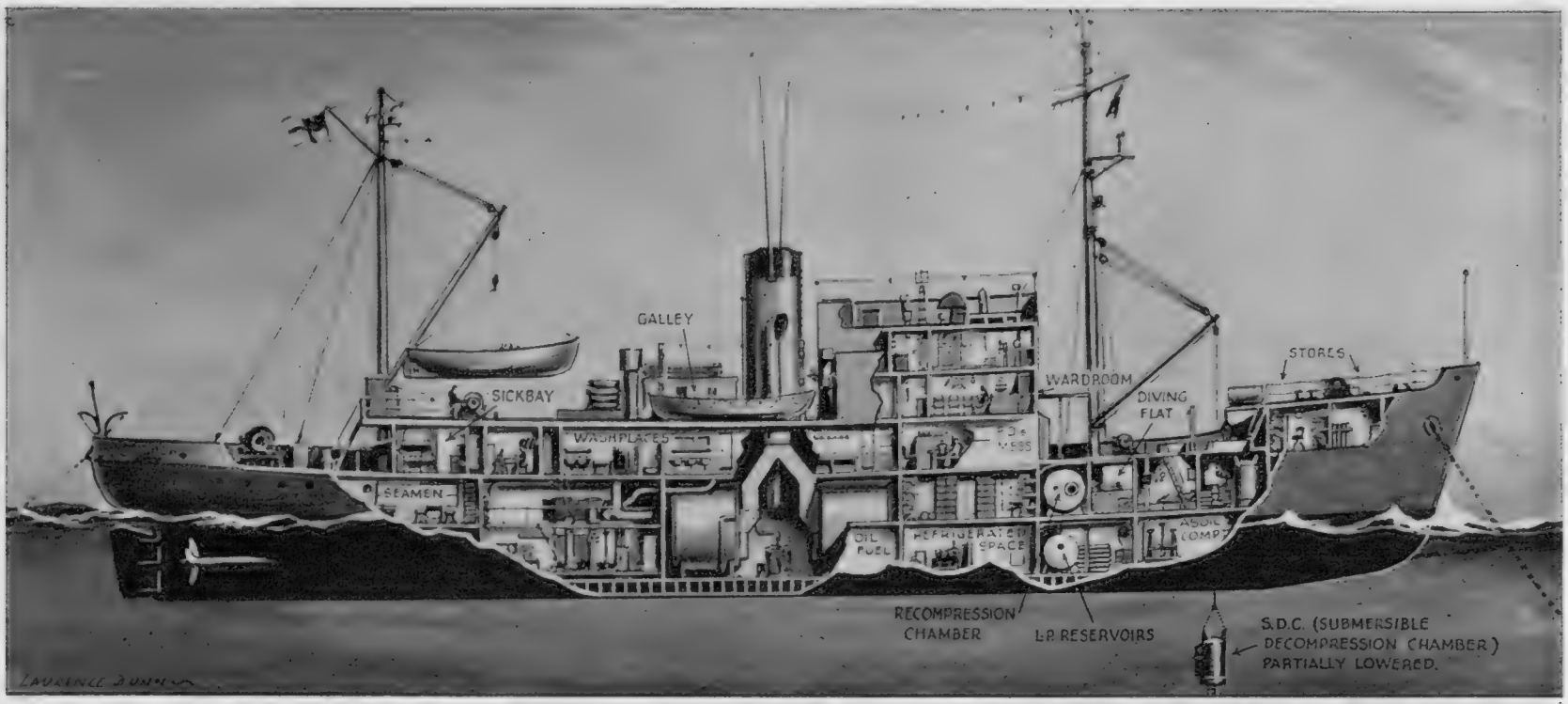
A CALIFORNIAN MYSTERY : Thousands of dead fish, mostly large carp, floating on Lake Elsinore, California. Officials of the Californian Fish and Game Department sought to find out why the fish were dying, but at first with no success, They gave orders for all dead fish to be sold as fertiliser

A HEFTY PRIZE : Colonel Leslie E. Sadler, of Chagford, Devon, was the first member of the British Commonwealth fishing team to catch a bluefin in the Fifth International Tuna Cup Match at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. Sadler, fishing for the first time in international competition, got the opening day's biggest fish after a fight of 1 hour and 45 minutes, a 746-pounder. He is seen beside his truly hefty prize

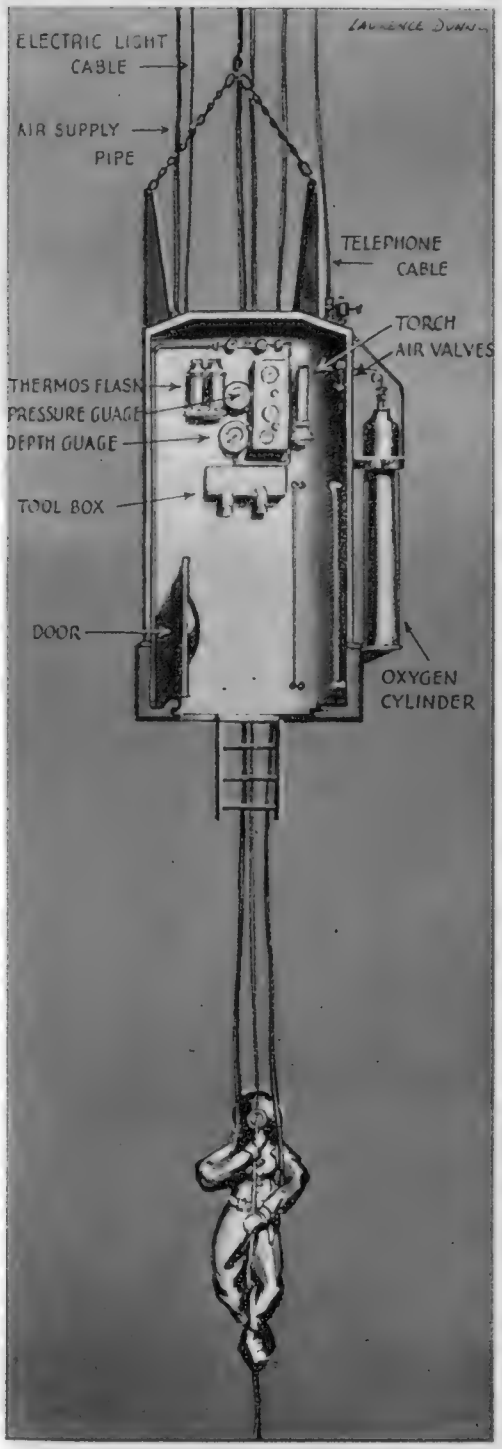
THIS ONE PUT UP A FIVE-HOUR FIGHT : Hugh Wright seen admiring his catch after landing a 400-lb. tuna at Catalina Island, off the coast of Southern California. In fifteen years of big-fish angling this was the first time that Wright had succeeded in qualifying for a coveted Tuna Club Gold Button. These buttons are awarded only to members who bring in tunas weighing 200 lbs. or more



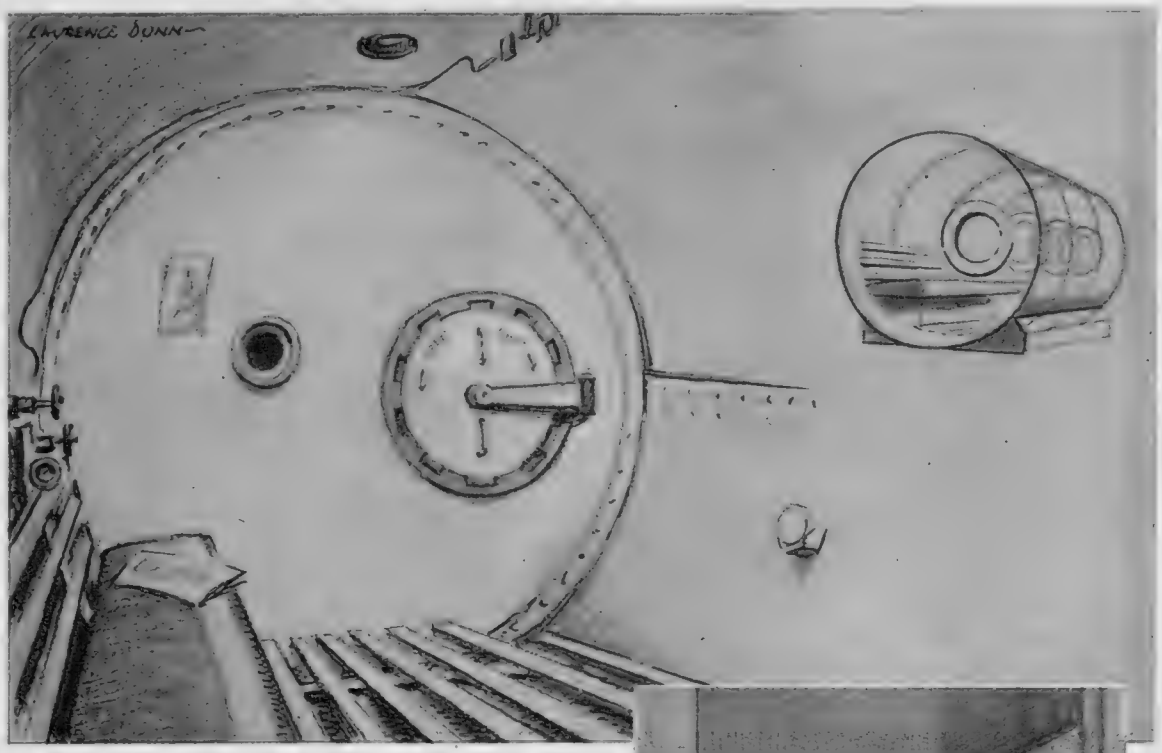
PETER SHOWS HIS PACES : To obtain this picture of one of Captain Harry Smith's troupe of sea-lions, the cameraman used an electronic flash synchronised with a camera at 1-10,000th of a second. Captain Smith, of Manchester, has been training sea-lions for many years. Peter, with Captain Smith's other acquisitions, Jackie and Nancy, were captured off the coast of California. They each eat 20 lbs. of fish a day



THE SUBMARINE RESCUE SHIP "RECLAIM" FROM WHICH A NEW DIVING RECORD OF 535 FT. WAS ACHIEVED RECENTLY IN THE WATERS OF LOCH FYNE: H.M.S. *Reclaim*, which was commissioned on June 1, was built on the Clyde by Wm. Simons and Company, of Renfrew. Some time ago it was realised that H.M.S. *Tedworth*, the only naval ship used for the training of deep divers and for general deep-sea experimental work, was both over-age and suffered from lack of range. As a temporary expedient, while the *Reclaim* was building, an ex-German vessel was taken over, renamed *Deepwater*, and adapted. The hull of the *Reclaim* is based on that of the King Salvor type of salvage ship, and is 217 ft. in length. The deep displacement is 1,780 tons, and at this load she has a speed of 12-13 knots. All diving apparatus is situated forrard



AFTER A DIVE THE ASCENT HAS TO BE MADE BY EASY STAGES: The diver pauses to get used to the decreasing pressures as he comes up. For example, after the recent record dive it took from early morning until late afternoon before the diver was permitted to leave the decompression chamber. He ascended to 260 ft. without halt, and from then on had to pause every 10 ft. until he reached the submersible decompression chamber



WHEN A DIVER RETURNS TO THE SURFACE: A view inside the recompression chamber of the *Reclaim*, where the diver can spend the last few hours under pressure in comparative comfort. Painted cream, with a red-leather covered seat, the compartment has quite a cheerful air. As seen in the inset diagrammatic view, there is a centre compartment which is flanked on each side by an air-lock. If required all three sections can be used simultaneously

DIVING to RECORD DEPTHS

The Equipment of the Submarine Rescue Ship "Reclaim"

Drawings by L. T. Dunn

The new submarine rescue-ship *Reclaim* is starting her career in a very promising way, for less than three months after her completion and when one would still expect her to be in the "shaking down" state, her divers have been setting up new records for deep descents. Diving trials have been carried out in Loch Fyne, and on August 28 Petty Officer William Bollard reached a depth of 535 ft., just after another diver, Petty Officer W. Soper, had broken the previous American record of 440 ft., bringing the figure to 451 ft. The object of these efforts has been to perfect a diving suit and also a technique with which rescuers can work comfortably at a submarine's crash-dive depth. In each case a normal Admiralty pattern flexible type of diving dress has been used. It is hoped that later on it may be possible to reach a depth of 700 ft. The attempt may be made at Loch Fyne

THE "IRON MAN" IN THE HOLD OF "RECLAIM": Thanks to the new improved technique of diving in a flexible dress this diving apparatus has become of secondary importance. In it the diver is at normal pressure, and can therefore stay submerged for long periods. The apparatus is cumbersome

THE TWIN TOWERS OF KINGSTON POWER STATION RISE ABOVE THE THAMES—ONE OF THE FOUR NEW CAPITAL GENERATING STATIONS NOW NEARING COMPLETION IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND: The new Kingston Station, which is to be opened by the King on October 27, will produce 120,000 kilowatts towards the increasing demand for electrical power. The first section of the station is now ready to undergo tests with a view to the beginning of production. Kingston forms part of the chain of stations rising on both banks of the Thames, including Barking, Blackwall (projected), Bankside, Battersea, Lots Road, and Wandsworth. Special arrangements have been made at Kingston to minimise the effect of chimney-dust

THE KINGSTON POWER STATION AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: A general view of the main generating house flanked by its twin towers which dominate Thames-side at this point. The station is costing a total of £7,000,000

NEW LANDMARKS ALONG PURLEY WAY: The three cooling towers of the new Croydon power station, which is expected to be in commission in the winter of 1949. Altogether there will be four cooling towers, each 250 ft. high

LONDON GROWS IN POWER

Two New Generating Stations Near the Production Stage

Plans for the extension of Britain's electrical power resources between 1948 and the winter of 1952 envisage the provision of thirty-one new generating stations and nearly 10,000,000 kw. at an estimated cost approaching £450,000,000. Eighteen new stations should be completed by the winter of 1950, but at the moment the programme would appear to be considerably in arrears. Of the new power stations in the south those at Croydon and Kingston are going ahead particularly rapidly, and it will not be long before one-half of the Kingston plant is in operation. During the next month an elaborate series of tests will be undertaken at Kingston prior to the opening of the station by the King on October 27. A feature at Kingston is the provision of a cleansing plant, the absence of which at some other Thames-side stations has been a grave inconvenience.

THE NEW "B" STATION AT CROYDON: A general view of construction work in progress on the plant, which will have an ultimate capacity of 315,000 kw. and will supply power to the Central Electricity Board's grid system in the southern area. The station, which lies in the vicinity of Croydon Airport, lacks the river transport facilities of many of the London plants, and in consequence it is being provided with large railway sidings for delivery of coal

"THE BLITZED CITY (FROM REUTERS)": James Bone describes in "London Echoing" his arrival in the city one May morning in 1941 to see vast areas in ruins by the Luftwaffe, but the towering bulk of St. Paul's still erect amid the smoke

"THE ROW AND THE FRENCH EMBASSY": One of Muirhead Bone's drawings for "London Echoing" (Jonathan Cape. 18s.), which has just made its appearance. The author is James Bone, and the book constitutes a wonderful impression of London life over forty years by an author and an artist who regard the Metropolis with special affection

"ST. PAUL'S ABOVE THE CITY RIDES": Another and more distant impression of the Cathedral from the Westminster bend of the river and showing Waterloo Bridge in the background. The drawing typifies the careful art of Muirhead Bone, whose etchings of docks, wharves, and all the sights and scenes of London River have won him such renown

BY DAY AND NIGHT IN THE CAPITAL'S THROBBING HEART DURING TWO WORLD WARS: *Left*—"The Thames and the Needle," and (*right*) "Piccadilly Circus, 1915." Two more examples of the art of Muirhead Bone. In his narrative James Bone records the descent of a flying-bomb near the Needle in the Second World War. It was at the same spot in the First World War that a Gotha dropped bombs which damaged the Needle's guardian Sphinxes

LONDON'S VARIED CHARM

Through the Eyes of Muirhead Bone

Muirhead Bone and James Bone are a matchless partnership, as witness their book *The London Perambulator*, and now, many years later, the same team is together again producing another book about their beloved London. *London Echoing* is a really charming production. Perhaps it has something of the quality of the famous Wanderer Series to which E. V. Lucas gave such lustre, but above all it reveals on the part of author and artist a deep and abiding love of the Metropolis and its people. The Muirhead Bone drawings cover a period of just over forty years, through two World Wars, revealing London in many of its varied moods. In his narrative James Bone is full of good anecdotes, bringing back memories of many a notable character who adorned the Fleet Street of his earlier days. London's hotels, taverns, chop-houses, theatres, and churches all come under review, and there is even a special chapter on the London Scots, the men who storm across the border to despoil the Sassenach and get all the richest jobs that the Welsh have not already snapped up. Mr. Bone has many tales to tell of the blitz, and perhaps the best of them all concerns the sangfroid of a Kensington lady. "A warden hammered at the door of a house in a Kensington square late at night and when a slightly dishevelled lady appeared he told her that a light was showing in an upper window. 'I beg your pardon,' said the lady, 'that is not a light—it's an incendiary bomb—and if you don't disturb us again my sister and I will put it out!'"

MEMORIES OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

Round the Fighter Stations in 1940

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOTHING could be more fitting as a tribute to The Few than the official recognition of a specific Battle of Britain Day at the same level as Trafalgar Day and Waterloo Day. September 15, the day selected, was in Phase 8, the stickiest of the phases in the long drawn-out Battle of Britain. Three afternoons previously Mr. Churchill, after one of his visits to 11 Group H.Q., coined his immortal phrase, "Never was so much owed by so many to so few."

During this period I was visiting a number of R.A.F. Fighter Command Stations. I had already been out to France and called on 85 Squadron and 87 Squadron and had met Dicky Lee and Sam Allard. Dicky Lee, D.S.O., was the first pilot who was allowed to "free lance." The whole of 85 Squadron, in spite of Air Council instructions, had painted their hexagon on to the fusilage of every aircraft. On the very day I arrived they were testing out their first variable-pitch propellers.

Another of my memories is of April 23, 1940. I was out in France as a war correspondent and suddenly the sky was covered with what looked like sky-writing. It was the first time that a dog-fight had taken place in conditions which caused "vapour trails," and at first even experienced officers thought that it was German aircraft trying to write Hitler's name in the sky with their exhausts. That evening I spoke to one or two pilots who had taken part in the affair, and they were still not absolutely sure what had caused it all. By the time the Battle of Britain was fought, of course, everybody knew all about it.

Soon came the great days of Northolt, Kenley, Hornchurch, Manston and Biggin Hill, in particular. I do not think, however, that the public had any idea of what was really happening. They bought their evening newspapers to see how many German aircraft had been shot down, just as they would have bought their newspapers in peacetime to see how many runs had been scored by their favourite cricket team.

But about the pilots themselves. There was an order restricting their wine bills to £5 a month. There was also a "no treating" order. Very few indeed smoked cigarettes. Superstitions like refusing three cigarettes to the same match were absolutely taboo, and everything was done to discourage belief in mascots.

It was a squadron back from India which originally coined the word "Gremlin" and built up an extensive mythology about them and phaggassies, the latter being the kindly fairies. The phaggassies did not, however, last long. The cult of Gremlins became quite serious until it was so overdone as to mean nothing at all. Perhaps this was just as well.

R.A.F. slang was still in its infancy, and yet many of the phrases used would now be unintelligible to a young pilot. How many readers know what was meant by "passing Down Street" and "hooshing"? In those days I had to explain what a "Mae West" was, because this was known only to the R.A.F. "Waffling" was another very popular word; "tearing off a strip" was just beginning to supplant "chewing up." "Browned-off" was still very new, but "ogo-pogoing" was popular, while a tail-wheel landing was known as a "Praying Mantis." "Angels," in the technical sense of meaning thousands of feet, was still on the "D" list for newspapers. So was "P.R.U."—photographic reconnaissance unit. Air-gunners were only just being given their A.G. badge. "Dicing with death" was a popular phrase. Of the favourite songs I recall "That was a Cute Little Rhyme," "The Good Ship *Venus*," "Shibah Blues," "The Ball of Kirriemuir," "The Cats on the Rooftop," "An Airman Told Me Before He Died."

To revert to the question of drink. I remember being on a R.A.F. station when the fifteen officers standing by for night duty all refused to drink at a cocktail party given as a farewell to the very popular Group-Captain.

The speed at which new squadrons were formed was astonishing. The Nizam of Hyderabad's squadron was formed and had drawn blood in the record time of six weeks, and the first Canadian squadron was raised in eight weeks; 303, based at Northolt, like 601, covered itself with glory. One of the Polish pilots wrote what I thought personally was one of the best short stories of the war. It was called *The Cloud*.

Of the pilots already known to the public there were "Cobber" Kane, "Sailor" Malan, "Steve" Stephens, "Mungo" Park and "Cat's-eye" Stevens, the first man to shoot down two bombers on the same night. He used to operate from Manston, where he free-lanced, and was one of the first pilots to "intrude" and use extra long-range petrol tanks. When "Cat's-eye" was asked where he had sighted the first aircraft he shot down at night, he replied quite simply, "over the Brompton Road."

The habit of wearing the top button undone by Fighter Command pilots was still distinctly unofficial, and everyone was delighted when the Duke of Kent appeared in this manner. There was an order that R.A.F. moustaches should not project beyond the length of the mouth (sideways), and this was strictly observed except by Wing-Commander O'Dowd Hoare.

Of other pilots whom I remember vividly, there were Whitney Straight, who got an M.C. in Norway, Basil Embry, who hid in a dung-heap and killed at least one German while escaping after he had been shot down in France. There were Harry Broadhurst, whom I also met again in Belgium in January of 1945, Al Deere and Max Aitken, and "Bluey" Truscott, who was with that Australian squadron at Redhill. Nor shall I forget Wing-Commander Gaskell-Blackburne, who was the only R.A.F. officer entitled to wear a beard. I met him again in Ireland two months ago.

It so happened that I was only once on a station when enemy aircraft appeared overhead. That was at Mildenhall, and I rushed along with Wing-Commander Powell, D.S.O., to a Bren-gun emplacement, where he released a few rounds at the aircraft, which proceeded to drop bombs on Newmarket. Kenley had been bombed only two or three days before I got there and the hangars were looking very tired. Oddly enough, the airman whose voice was recorded in a documentary film made two or three days later, came to mend my television set last week.

In those days of the Battle of Britain I was told by Air Vice-Marshal Park, who was in command of 11 Fighter Group, that in 100 years' time historians would call it the Battle of Tonbridge, because it was the focal point on the vital day.

It is the greatest pity that inter-Service regulations apparently prohibit the publication of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Keith Park's despatches. They make fascinating reading. He showed them to me early in 1941. Only the briefest references to them are made in Lord Dowding's despatches on the Battle of Britain. Among other things, the Air Vice-Marshal, as he then was, divided the Battle of Britain into over a dozen phases. Air Vice-Marshal Park himself flew around in his own Hurricane, and, so he told me, metaphorically threw his hat into the air on the night of September 7, when London was bombed for the first time. He was not being callous; on the contrary, if Goering had been allowed by Hitler to continue to attack the Fighter Command aerodromes we might have lost the war. As it was, an inexperienced crew of a Wellington bomber dropped a small stick of bombs on the Unter den Linden on September 6. This so infuriated Hitler that he ordered the whole attack to be switched to London. This gave just enough respite for Manston, Tangmere, Biggin Hill and the other vital aerodromes to be repaired, together with their telephone lines.

Many people have forgotten the Eagle Squadron and the Czechs who flew with us. Many people have also forgotten that Italian bombers (Bredas) attacked Harwich with Italian fighters (Fiat C.R. 42's) as escort. East of Harwich and North of the Thames Estuary they had such a trouncing that they never appeared over these shores again. As far as I remember, it was Squadron-Leader Tuck whose squadron bagged most of them.

It would, of course, be impossible to write about the Battle of Britain without referring to Douglas Bader. Then there was Don Kingaby, the first R.A.F. pilot to win the D.F.M. three times; Ginger Lacey, Jamie Rankin and Nick Nicolson, the only V.C. in Fighter Command. The reason why Nicolson got his V.C. was because he refused to jump from a blazing Hurricane until he had destroyed his enemy. The award of V.C. is normally only given on the recommendation of a senior officer present. This, of course, is impossible in a dog-fight, and it was the medical testimony of his burnt hands which won him the crimson ribbon with the little rosette. Nicolson was killed in a flying accident five years later in the Bay of Bengal. Many people will also remember Paddy Finucane, who was killed over the Channel, but as far as I recall he did not reach his heyday until after the Battle of Britain.

During my travels round England in 1940 I visited Torquay to see the hospital where officers suffering from flying stress were being treated. What was particularly interesting was to discover American officers of the medical branch of the U.S. Air Force already there, studying the symptoms and taking copious notes a year-and-a-half before Pearl Harbour. Flying stress was only diagnosed as such in World War II, and you will find, if you read *Warbirds*, that in World War I, pilots, when in the thick of it, went up with a bottle of gin and a bottle of sal volatile in order to keep going.

Another recollection is of meeting Squadron-Leader Peel, who shot down the first German raider over Great Britain in the very early days of the war. He told me that the morale of the whole squadron went up as a result—"You have no idea what it does to everybody to have a bit of war," he said.

One final memory of the Battle of Britain—Lieut.-Colonel Sir Arnold Wilson, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O. When I met him he was wearing the uniform of a pilot officer and had just passed-out as a fully-qualified air-gunner, although he was fifty-five years of age. A very gallant gentleman.

THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN FLY-PAST: Two-engined Sea Hornets, units of the naval aviation wing, taking part in the commemoration flight over London on the eighth anniversary of the culminating day of air victories in the great deliverance of 1940. Some 200 machines, British and American, bombers and fighters, participated, the dozen or more groups being separated by four-minute intervals. The planes converged on London from bases widely scattered over Eastern and Southern England

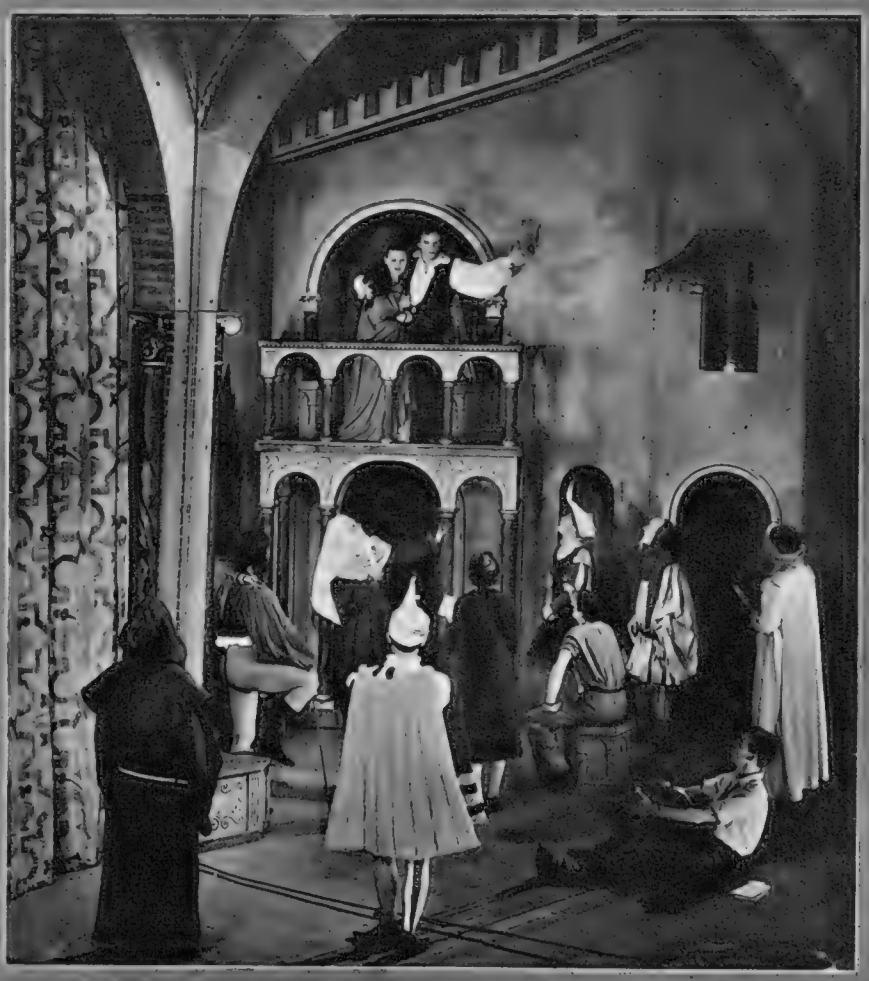
THE CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF AND HIS FAMILY WATCH THE AERIAL PARADE: Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, Lady Tedder and their two-year-old son Richard on the roof of the Air Ministry, where they saw the formations sweeping over Central London

"PLAYBILL" AT THE PHŒNIX

Terence Rattigan's Two One-act Plays Provide Drama and Farce

ROMEO'S GRANDSON TAKES THE STAGE: The middle-aged actor, discomfited by the appearance of his forgotten daughter, learns that he is a grandfather while in the midst of his dress rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet." Left to right are Thelma Ruby as Muriel Palmer; Hector Ross as Jack Wakefield; Mary Ellis as Edna Selby; Eric Portman as Arthur Gosport, and Patrick Jordan as Tom Palmer in *A Harlequinade*

ERIC PORTMAN AND MARY ELLIS IN "THE BROWNING VERSION"—THE SERIOUS HALF OF TERENCE RATTIGAN'S DUAL PROGRAMME: The unsuccessful schoolmaster is again humiliated by his amorous, amoral wife, who will not allow him even the small satisfaction of the gratitude shown by one of his pupils in a parting gift



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU WILL, I KNOW, ALL BE DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT MY WIFE AND I HAVE NOT COMMITTED BIGAMY AT ALL": A new version of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." The company are assembled for the important announcement. In the centre, below the balcony, is Marie Löhr as the Nurse

"IT'S FOR YOU, SIR. I'VE WRITTEN IN IT." Peter Scott, as John Taplow, gives "The Browning Version" to his classics master in a poignant scene from Terence Rattigan's dramatic one-act play

Terence Rattigan's latest success on the London stage consists of two one-act plays—*The Browning Version* and *A Harlequinade*—which he presents under the general title of *Playbill*. The first is serious drama; the second, farce, and together they give remarkable opportunities to the leading actor and actress—Mr. Eric Portman and Miss Mary Ellis—for two totally different characterisations. In *The Browning Version*, Portman plays a dry, unsuccessful schoolmaster, a failure forced to retire without a pension—the very antithesis, in fact, of *Mr. Chips*. His wife has been constantly unfaithful to him and loses no opportunity to humiliate him and to remind him of his ineffectiveness. Mary Ellis gives a remarkable performance as the self-indulgent wife, but it is Portman who dominates the scene and arouses deep sympathy with the tired, bloodless, yet pathetic figure of the schoolmaster.

A Harlequinade is in the manner of Coward's *Red Peppers*. Here the central figures are two ageing Shakespearean actors, taking the place of the music-hall pair, with Marie Löhr as Dame with a capital "D"

The World of Books—BY VERNON FANE

TENNYSON JESSE ON BUTCHERY

A Brilliant Survey of the Ungentle Art of Murder and Its Motives for Those Who Take Their Criminology Seriously

THE name of F. Tennyson Jesse, author of that classic of the literature of crime, *Murder and Its Motives*, spells a positive "must" for all who take their criminology seriously. COMMENTS ON CAIN (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a new book from Miss Tennyson Jesse, and although its crimes are of a pre-war vintage, each was world-famous, and Miss Jesse was herself present at all three trials.

The first is that of Wolcott (known as the Boy Harold) who murdered his mistress in Pasadena, U.S.A., in 1933. "Pasadena was to me the home of everything that was rarefied, of simple living, and of thinking as high as the stars above Mount Wilson. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when I discovered that a murder trial was taking place in this pure spot. . . ." The facts were what they were, but the background, as filled in by Miss Tennyson Jesse, is a masterpiece of objective reporting. Few readers will fail to be captivated by her diversionary interest in the enigmatic policeman, and few will be found to disagree in her condemnation of the murderee, Helen Bendowski.

Then there is Reginald Ivor Hinks, who killed his father-in-law and was tried at the Old Bailey in 1934. Miss Jesse describes this as a study in classicism, and in conceding that to her murderer she proceeds to a classic examination of the crime of "a slick young man with his easy manner, who left the life of petty thieving, of fraud, of preying upon women which he had always followed, for the gallows."

Finally there is the German, Eugen Weidmann, who was tried at Versailles in 1938 for making a habit of murder. In fact, he set about it industriously and, alas for his victims, efficiently. But for all his skill and calculated methods he collapsed and went to pieces on his arrest. Miss Jesse is particularly good on the subject of this wholesale butcher, and her asides on psycho-analysis are well worth noting. Incidentally, there is a striking and rather terrible drawing of Weidmann as a frontispiece.

Nobody can do this sort of thing better than Miss Tennyson Jesse, and her many admirers will need no further exhortation to get this book. Some of us who are not so passionately interested in the subject may well stop to consider the opening words of Miss Tennyson Jesse's Preface: "It would be well if we all realised that every one of us had committed an offence or offences punishable under the existing laws by fines or imprisonment, and punishable a hundred years ago by death."

MGR. RONALD KNOX PREACHES IN THE GROUNDS OF ST. ANNE'S, SUTTON: Addressing a great gathering of Roman Catholic pilgrims in Lancashire. Led by Bishop Halsall, of Liverpool, over 9,000 people from all parts of the country took part recently in a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Venerable Father Dominic (the Passionist priest who received Cardinal Newman into the Catholic Church), which lies beneath the Monastery Church of St. Anne's, Sutton, St. Helens, Lancashire. Visitors from Paris, Eire and Rome also joined in the pilgrimage. The special preacher for the day at the open-air service in the Monastery grounds was the Very Rev. Mgr. Ronald Knox, M.A., himself one of the most eminent of converts to the Roman Church. The object of the event was to pray for the beatification of the Venerable Father Dominic

A war book with no fighting, with one air raid and almost without soldiers can still give one of the most effective pictures of the effect of war. In the case of a book I have read this week, the effect can be almost overwhelming in its bitterness and pathos and in its ugliness. THE SKY IS RED (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) has been translated from the Italian of M. Giuseppe Berto, and is a strong enough piece of work to haunt the reader for some time after with its refrain of tragic but not entirely hopeless misery. That one note of hope is the possibility of human tenderness.

The scene of the story is a little town in Italy which suffers one devastating air raid, after which numbers of children are left parentless and homeless. A few of them join together and make some kind of a living-place in a partly wrecked house, to which they come and go secretly. The oldest is about seventeen, and he is the leader of a boys' gang. His money and his authority keep the "home" going, and one of the girls, who is fifteen, adds the money she earns in the only way she knows.

There are five children altogether; the youngest is seven and half-witted, and the others take it in turn to look after her. Their life is infinitely precarious and dangerous. The older boy is shot, a girl dies of consumption, another boy commits suicide. And yet, in spite of the horror of their situation, the book is not a catalogue of squalor and brutality. The essence of it is in the characters of the children.

Peter Fisher was sent to Canada during the war to be trained as an airman. Handsome and brilliant, he met Greta, a beautiful girl with mixed Russian and Swedish parentage, and married her. Peter was killed while training and Greta, with all her background of self-assurance, independence and with very much the outlook of the new world, comes to England to meet his family.

She finds Mrs. Fisher, the typical mother of an upper middle-class family, eager to settle down to a period of Peter worship. She also finds David, the other son, crippled in childhood; an introspective poet and, having contracted a disastrous marriage, sullen and resentful to the point of boorishness. Greta clearly shows that she has no intention of living on, or with, the memory of the deceased Peter. "The dead make their own reckoning. We've got to go on and look after ourselves." Ably she demonstrates her ability to look after herself. In the course of setting a beauty-parlour business on its feet, she leads a slick black-marketeer up the garden path, and beats him hands down at his own game. She also turns her attention to David, who falls for her hook, line and sinker, to the consternation of the family and of his dim, complaining wife in particular. The novel ends with Greta suddenly pushing off to New York, there undoubtedly to pursue a successful career as head of her beauty parlour business.

Miss Stella Margetson, whose first novel this is, handles this theme with astonishing dexterity.

The band of nurses with whom Florence Nightingale sailed to Scutari were a varied collection and on them she imposed her stringent rules of conduct, as well as her principles of nursing. In MISS NIGHTINGALE'S LADIES (Collins. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Charles Terrot has written the story of two of these women, and of the hardships which were not only due to the physical conditions of that nightmare place.

One of the author's own ancestors was among that band, and her story, and her letters, with others, must have contributed to the evident authenticity of atmosphere in this emotional but well-told novel.

THE CASE OF MR. CRUMP (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) may be all that Professor Freud claimed for it, and all that Thomas Mann wrote about it, but it is a singularly depressing piece of work. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn has written the story of a woman as repellent as I ever remember meeting in fiction or fact, and I will not agree with the publishers that either she or her tale makes an American Madame Bovary.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol's new novel provides the briskest of contrasts, in spite of the fact that it is unashamedly romantic in spirit and in presentation. MY LORD OF WRYBOURNE (Sampson Low. 9s. 6d.) deals with noble lords and scurvy knaves, and loving, lovely women, and there is no need to believe a word of it. Yet, in the right mood, it is all very agreeable.

Often when I am reading one of those detective stories in which some amateur sleuth out-Holmes Holmes, and shows up Scotland Yard and the F.B.I. in all their dewy naïveté and incompetence, I think with positive affection of a writer called Patrick Quentin, whose principal invention has been an amateur sleuth who gets everything wrong.

Not laughably and grotesquely wrong, mark you, but just about as far off the beam as most of us would get if we went in for that kind of thing. Mr. Quentin's new book about this treasure is RUN TO DEATH (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), and it is delightfully, amusingly and ingeniously up to his high standard.

Beachcomber's writings, like caviare, are to be taken with discretion, and a little at a time. HERE AND NOW (Hollis and Carter. 9s.) contains some of the best of the Narkover episodes, some glittering episodes in the life of Charlie Suet, and some eerie passages on the craft of sausage-making. It also has, among its verses, at least seven that are exceptionally witty.

POT-BOILERS and MASTERPIECES

In 1902 *Anna of the Five Towns* introduced to the world that series of remarkable novels with the Potteries as background which brought fame to the name of Enoch Arnold Bennett. He created an unforgettable picture of life in industrial Staffordshire. Bennett, however, did not allow the artist in him to prevail, and it is for this reason that he may be a puzzle to the new generation, and it is for this reason, in turn, that W. H. Allen's new estimate of ARNOLD BENNETT (Home and Van Thal. 6s.), in the "English Novelists" Series, is to be welcomed. There was a determined element of the business-man in Arnold Bennett, and writing for money became somewhat of an obsession with him. The time is now ripe, perhaps, to separate the wheat from the chaff, the living from the dead, in the matter of his work. Mr. Allen selects *Anna of the Five Towns*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, *Clayhanger*, *These Twain* and *Riceyman Steps* as the best novels, but he will not admit the greatness of any one. He concedes that they are "strong, sad and sincere," and "within their limits solid and satisfying." Some Arnold Bennett admirers may feel disposed to dispute this verdict, reading into it a damning faint praise, particularly in the matter of *The Old Wives' Tale*, which has been hailed on more than one side as a masterpiece. We cannot escape the fact, however, that the novelist succumbed to the lure of commercialism. But for this he might have left half-a-dozen truly great novels to glorify our literary heritage. In his excellent survey, Mr. Allen shows us both the purveyor of fiction for the popular taste and the writer of unquestioned genius; on the one hand, the spokesman of the Philistines; on the other, a master-craftsman of his age. It is a well-balanced picture.

"Must we surrender our national characteristics and exchange our former liberties for the amorphous but irresistibly persuasive tyranny of collectivism, with the State as our master and mentor, our god and ultimately our gaoler?" Thus writes John Gloag in WHAT ABOUT ENTERPRISE (George Allen and Unwin. 10s.), who in almost every sentence of his 200-page diatribe advocating freedom for enterprise, lays himself open to attack from left and centre in the political firmament. In the sentence just quoted, the offending words would surely be "our former liberties." They can be relied upon to promote both wrath and derision from the Socialist ranks. Mr. Gloag is a sincere believer "in public enterprise unhampered by bureaucracy," but he wields an unwary pen.

From the rather wild and woolly field of political economy, which is everybody's happy hunting ground, if they so desire, we turn to the infinitely wider open spaces of science, where the amateur is sternly barred and theorising is frowned upon unless accompanied by at least some empirical evidence, a modicum of stern fact. SCIENCE SURVEY (Sampson Low, Marston. 21s.) contains essays by nearly fifty of our leading men of science. They were given originally in B.B.C. programmes, and have the virtue of great clarity. The contributors, all leaders in their own branches of science, include Sir Edward Appleton, Nobel prize-winner for physics, and Professor Andrade. This is a book for every man, woman, boy and girl with an enquiring mind.

Fixing labels, one of the besetting sins of our age, has a monstrous fascination, and in the last half-century, with irritating complacence and dreary monotony, we have tended to label the Victorian era for its fussiness and over-elaboration. The latest publication in the "English Masters of Black and White" Series hardly supports the theory, for James Thorpe has chosen as his subject the immortal PHIL MAY (Art and Technics. 8s. 6d.), and what greater economist of line, what sterner advocate of simplicity has there ever been in the realm of fine draughtsmanship? The collection of Phil May's drawings is a very fair cross-section, and James Thorpe's short account of his life is first-rate.

Department of Reprints—THE RELAPSE, OR VIRTUE IN DANGER (Peter Nevill. 8s. 6d.) may not be a great play, but it is great fun, and this reprint of Sir John Vanbrugh's bawdy comedy reads almost as well as it acts. THE GREAT GATSBY (Grey Walls Press. 8s 6d.), the late F. Scott Fitzgerald's commentary on the wild '20's.

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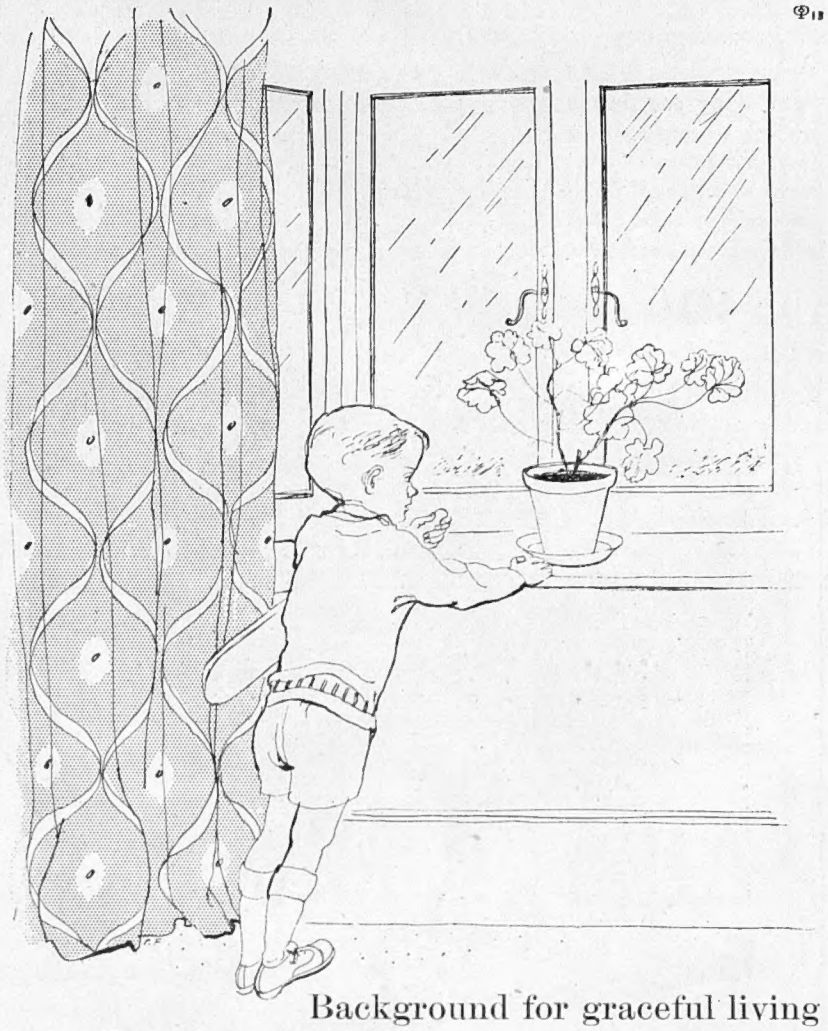

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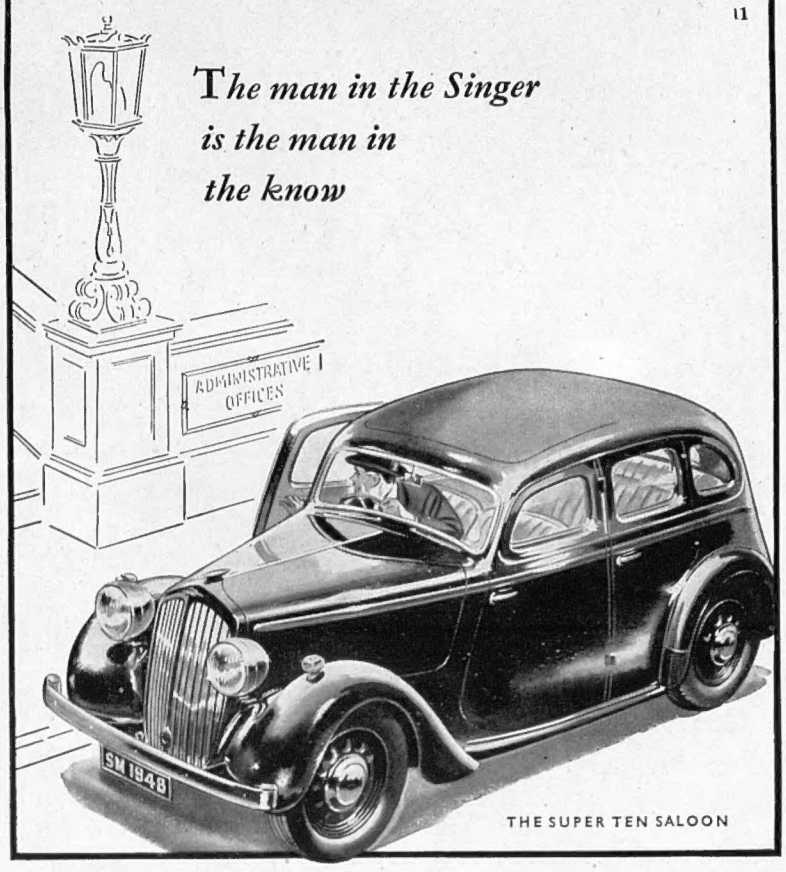

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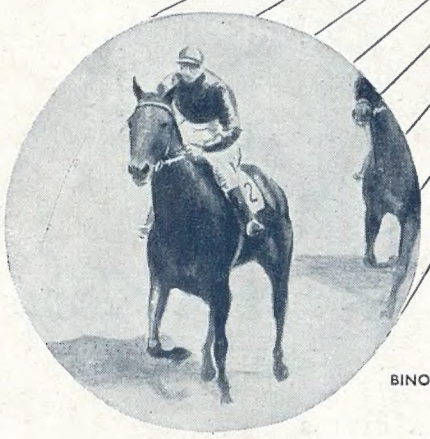

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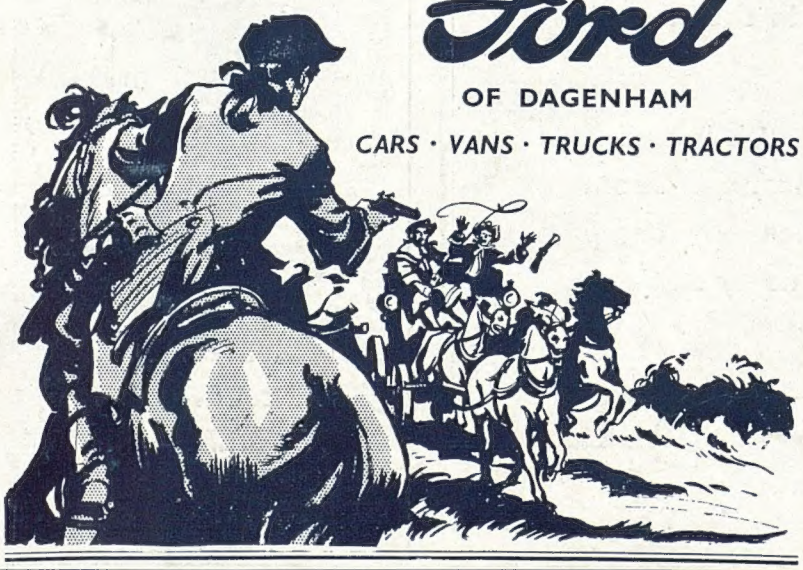

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